MISSIONARY HORIZONS

APRIL, 1954

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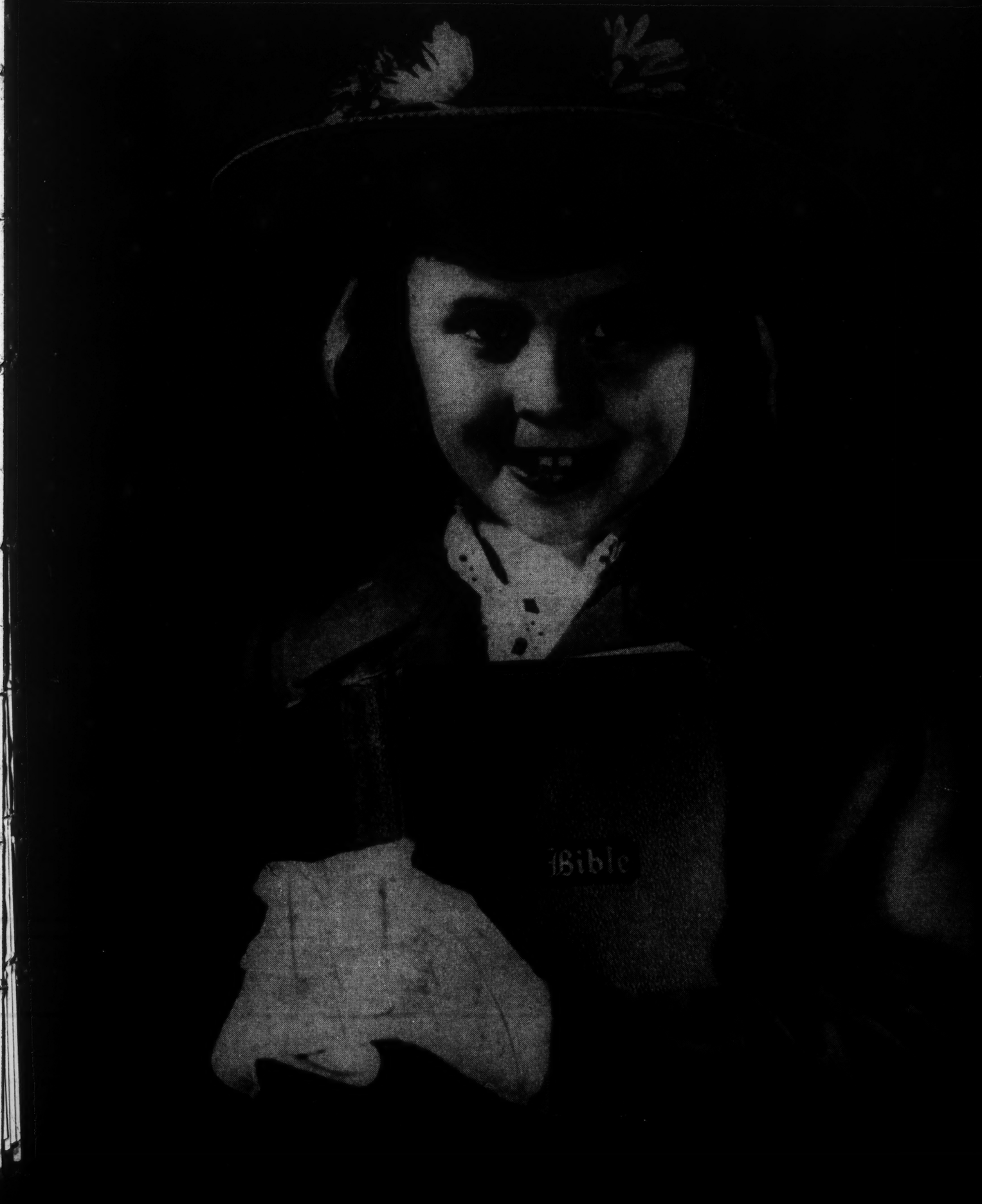

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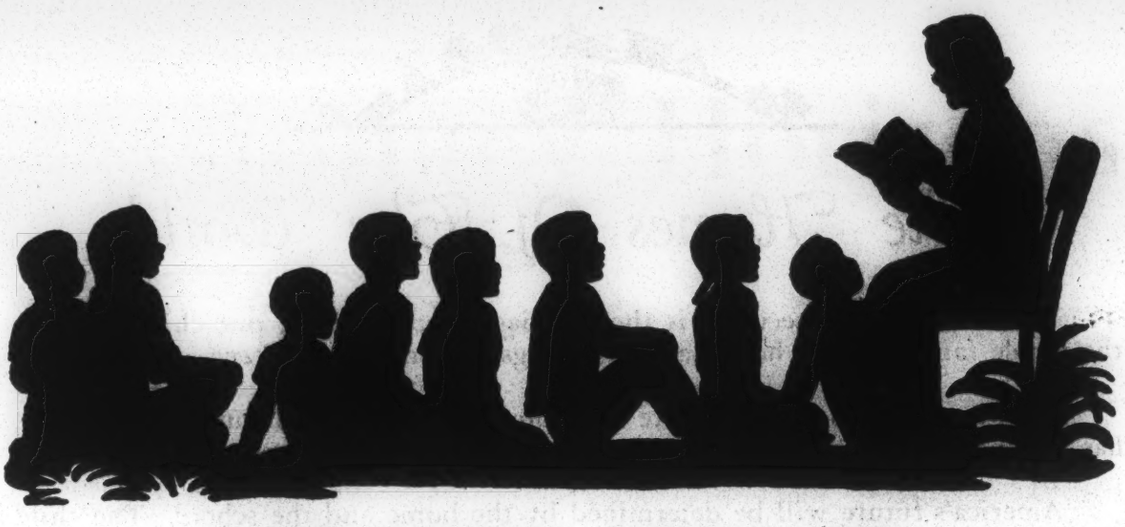


CHILDREN FOLLOW

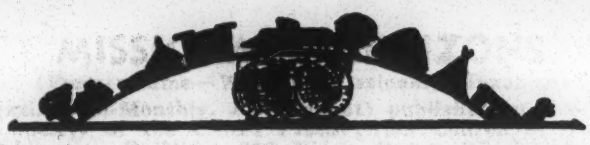
Hear the Call of the Child! The responsibility for training and guiding little steps aright rests upon parents, teachers and friends who will themselves first set the example in Christian living.

I AM THE CHILD

"I am the Child.
All the world waits for my coming,
All the world watches with interest to see what I shall become
Civilization hangs in the balance,
For what I am, the world of tomorrow will be.

"I am the Child.
You hold in your hand my destiny.
Give me, I pray you those things that make for happiness.
Train me, I beg you, that I may be a blessing to the world.

—*Mamie Gene Cole* in "The War Cry"



The Homes Of The World

The first bond of security is the marriage tie; the next, our children, then the whole family of our house, and all things in common.—*Cicero.*

He who does his best to make his home all that God dreams for it to be, has accomplished one of the greatest achievements of a lifetime.—*Dutton.*

America's future will be determined by the home and the school. The child becomes largely what it is taught, hence we must watch what we teach it, and how we live before it."—*Jane Addams.*

We need to think of the home as the cradle into which the future is born, and the family as the nursery in which the new social order is being reared. The family is a covenant with posterity.—*Sidney Goldstein.*

Having a Christian home means much more than having a house full of nice people who go to Church fairly regularly and treat each other kindly. It means having a home where Christ is known and loved and served; where the children learn to know him through their parents; where the welfare and Christian training of the children is put ahead of the social ambitions of the mother and the business ambitions of the father; where the father is determined to carry on his business in conformity with the mind of Christ; where both father and mother are determined to make their social life conform to high Christian ideals." —*P. C. Bayne, Presbyterian Tribune.*

A real home is a playground. Beware of the house where you "mustn't frolic."

A real home is a workshop. Pity the boy without a kit of tools, or the girls without a sewing basket.

A real home is a forum. Honest, open discussion of life's great problems belongs originally and primarily to the family circle.

A real home is a secret society. Loyalty to one's family should mean keeping silent on family matters.

A real home is a co-operative league. Households flourish in peace where the interest of each is the interest of all.

—*E. E. Puriton*

Our home joys are the most delightful earth affords, and the joys of parents in their children is the most holy joy of humanity. It makes their hearts pure and good, it lifts men up to their father in heaven.—*John Heinrich Pestalozzi.*

A house without a roof would scarcely be a more different home that a family unsheltered by God's friendship and the sense of being always rested in His providential care and guidance.—*Horace Bushnell.*

Woman is the salvation or the destruction of the family. She carries its destiny in the folds of her mantle.—*Henri Frederic Amiel.*

The best way for a man to train up a child in the way he should go is to travel that way himself.—*Anonymous.*

CHILDREN FOLLOW — *Theme for May*

Missionary Horizons

Vol. LXVII April 1954 No. 8

Christ For The World
WORSHIP SERVICE

By MRS. VIRGIL M. COSBY, Cleveland, Ohio

CHRIST, THE CHILD
(Luke 2:40)

Song-of-the-Month: "Come, Ye Children." SCW 320.

Scripture: Psalm 128; Proverbs 22:6.

A Prayer: "O God, since thou hast laid the little children into our arms in utter helplessness, with no protection save our love, we pray that the sweet appeal of their baby hands may not be in vain. May we, who are mothers and fathers, seek eagerly to join wisdom to our love, lest love itself be deadly when unguided by knowledge. Grant us great tenderness for all babes and a growing sense of the divine mystery that is brooding in the soul of every child, and may we gladly accept the responsibility laid upon us when He said 'Feed my lambs.' For the sake of Christ our Saviour." Amen. (*W. Rauschenbush*)

Meditation: Are you appalled at the religious illiteracy in our present day? Until the home becomes as purposefully a teaching arm of the Church as the Church School tries to be, we are not likely to find much progress in our programs of religious education.

Mary and Joseph did not reject their God-given responsibility in their home. Christ, the Child, learned the Scriptures in that home. See Him later the victor of temptation. Each temptation was met with a devastating weapon taken from the Scriptures He had hid in His heart. Hear Him on the Cross—Psalm 22 was in His mind in that dark hour.

Mary and Joseph did not hand the Child over to others for His entire religious training. "He went to the Synagogue, as His custom was, on the Sabbath day." That "custom" was caught as well as taught by devout parents. They set an example. Luke relates that "His parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast." In their home God had a true place in attitude, example and training. For instance, listen to Jesus' answer to His mother when He was found in the Temple at the age of twelve: "How is it (mother) that you sought me? Did you not know that I must be in my Father's house?"

Parents have an inescapable obligation toward their children. The Church cannot take the parents' place. We, parents, are responsible for the proper moral and religious training of our children. The example set by parents is a potent factor in the life of every child. We should accompany our children to the Church School rather than send them. Let us walk carefully and worthily for our children will follow in our footsteps. Christ "the child grew and became strong, filled with wisdom, and the favor of God was upon Him." What a tribute to Mary and Joseph!

Song: "A Child's Faith." SCW 322

Prayer:

"For parents that they may realize their opportunities and responsibilities in training their children.

For a blessing upon our homes and an increase in family worship.

For all Christian work and witness in churches, schools, colleges.

Children Everywhere

"In hearts too young for enmity
There lies the way to make men free;
When children's friendships are world-wide
New ages will be glorified.
Let child love child and strife will cease.
Disarm the hearts, for that is peace."

Children of Egypt

By RUTH M. WILLIAMSON,
Greensburg, Pa. Retired Missionary, Egypt

A number of times during my years of service in our school in Tanta, it was my privilege to entertain friends from America. It was a proud moment to open the door of the Kindergarten and introduce our delightful children so eager to sing and play for our guests. Dressed in linen-colored uniforms, blue ties and hair ribbons, black shoes and white socks, the children were most attractive as they sat in a circle in the room. Soon our guests would notice some particular child and make inquiry.

Emad ed Dien would always bring forth questions. His face was wreathed in smiles and showed an eagerness to use the English which he knew. He loved beautiful things. One day he brought a large framed picture from home. "It is so pretty I wanted us all to see it." So it hung on our wall for several days. He liked to draw and often surprised us with a picture showing skill for a lad aged six. This Christmas I received a small pack of his drawings for "of course she will want to see how I am doing."

There was K.... who came from a very important and wealthy family. Faiza was a special friend and she was very poor. Friendship is not built upon the amount of one's worldly goods. Leaving four little girls, Faiza's mother had died and Faiza's father, a fruit seller, was helpless in the situation, and begged Miss Grether, our principal to take one of the children. Wearing only a soiled frock and barefooted, Faiza arrived on bath day, a happy coincidence. After the scrub, our boarders provided some clothes and Faiza was made ready to become a part of our school family. An unwilling spirit of cooperation and dirty language troubled us but toward the close of the year she settled in. She had a clear sweet singing voice and loved to sing. In some of our Kindergarten Training Department commencements she sang solo parts very acceptably.

One day, planning to go to Cairo I was hurriedly eating my lunch. The door opened and in crept two mischievous little girls.

Faiza

Without saying a word they took their positions one on each side of me. All of a sudden I received a kiss on each cheek.

"Well," I gasped.

"Yes," they answered, "we fooled him (our house boy). We told him we had some business and that was it"—and away they ran.

Upon my return they asked, "Did you see your mother?"

"No," I answered, "I didn't, for my mother is in heaven."

"My mother is too," said Faiza, beginning to cry.

Quickly K.... comforted, saying, "Don't cry, Faiza, Miss Williamson is our mother and Rabbina is our father, so there is nothing to cry about." (Rabbina—our Lord)

It delights our hearts when our children feel safe and secure in the care of the Heavenly Father.

Another interesting child was A...., the youngest of our four Palestinian refugees. She was such a little person with such a big voice! She understood and spoke English so well that we could entrust her with messages to the nurse. In fact, we could give her real responsibility and know that she was worthy of our confidence. Her mother knew, in difficulties encountered, where to find refuge and help, consequently the children had learned and were good to have in our school family.

Our guests would notice Raeesa sitting stiffly on her little green chair. She was a protege of Dr. Hutchison. Because of a tubercular spine she wore a plaster cast. Each day the orderly carried her to school so that she might learn to read. Hospital care continued until she was in the primary grades. Then the doctor pronounced her cured and gave permission for her return home.

"But," said Raeesa, "at home I have no bed."

Palestinian refugees in Tents School. The "littlest one" is the trustworthy child mentioned in the story; the oldest is now in England

"Never mind," said the doctor, "you are well and can now sleep on the floor."

"Yes, Doctor, but we have no floor."

And yet—we are glad she had the comfort of a little white bed in the children's ward when she was ill.

As you looked at N.... so neat and trim, you would notice a small book bag within reach of her arm, for she was most careful of her possessions. Should one little thing be lost the Kindergarten program stopped dead until the article was recovered. Tucking her into bed at night I often noticed a tear which she didn't want me to see. She missed her father and labored over many letters to him and in turn received from him messages printed in large script. Had you taken time to examine the book bag you would have found treasured S.S. cards and a story book from America. She loved these stories and delighted to tell them over and over again.

How the children enjoyed the flannelgraph and dramatization of these stories. Eastern customs and setting so like that of the Bible stories help in the understanding of the lessons.

The Prodigal Son—the return to a lo ing father's embrace and afterward feasting with friends and neighbors!

Joseph and his brethren—the great reverence and respect shown to the aged father was beautiful to see, so characteristic of the East!

The Five Wise and Foolish Virgins—the tiny lamps to be used at night, were easily found in the markets—and often one must borrow oil for his lamp.

Noah and the Ark—shall we ever forget the scene of Noah, his family and the animals all safely settled in the Ark when a poorly-clad woman, her children clinging to her skirts, begged to be allowed entry. But Noah's voice, loud and clear, answered that the door was shut, opportunity was lost. Another dramatic moment occurred when Noah opened the window and raised high upon his hand a white bird which poised, then flew away.

Lessons which come to us through sight and experience are kept in our hearts.

We opened a Kindergarten in the heart of the city in the Foreign Board building. These children, since there were fewer of them, were more like a family. Examination time was a ceremony, an opportunity to tell what they knew. The third-year children, however, were very serious and asked that first we have prayer. To them prayer was the medium to reach God who would help them in time of need.

American M.K.'s attend Kindergarten also.—Left to right: Roselle Hutchison, Ada Margaret Hutchison, Jack Lorimer, Paul Jamison, a little English lad. Today Roselle is a short-term nurse at Tanta Hospital, Ada Margaret teaches in Pittsburgh and the other two are career missionaries in Egypt

One afternoon the sky grew dark, the children were frightened, then one of them said, "Let us ask God to take it away."

"He won't do that," answered a little doubter, but the others knelt in faith.

After a few moments of prayer one ran to the window exclaiming, "It's lighter now but we must pray some more."

When they arose from their knees the sun was shining through.

"Now Saediya, do you believe it?" they challenged.

During the war I had a letter from them, "We were so afraid about the war," they said, "then we remembered about the storm so we are asking God to take away the war and He will."

This child-like trust which is being built in them rejoices our hearts.

In my earlier years of service I went to a mud village to tell again the Sabbath School story. As I entered the village little children from every direction came running and followed me down the very narrow streets to our place of meeting. Musa, a tall and sturdy farmer lad, ran on, ahead to bring a chair from some kind neighbor. As I sat down and looked at the little group of children on the floor at my feet, I wondered how these could understand the love which the Saviour would bring them when they had so little in their lives to interpret that word. Returning to them after a furlough I began to tell a story and they finished the telling of it. I began to sing and they remembered the song. Then I knew that we are commissioned to sow the seed and it is God who keeps the word in their hearts and gives to them an understanding of His love.

I cannot close this article without paying tribute to the American children in Egypt, children of our missionaries. In our Kindergartens they become friends with the Egyptian children. They learn to speak Arabic, and the Egyptian children learn to speak English to them. Thus they learn to understand the Egyptians and pray for Egypt and its needs.

One year I counted and discovered that twenty children of missionaries were at that time in service on the field. It was as children they had tasted of the joy of service for the Master.

Today it is the burden of my heart that no Kindergarten missionary serves the Egyptian children. Will you pray with me that one will hear the Master's call and go to Egypt and her children.

REACH THE CHILDREN

When Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa began his slum evangelism in 1909, he was advised to work with the children, but he thought if he devoted more time to children than to adults, he would have to wait for 10 or 15 years to establish a church, so he organized a church and tried to convert the drunkards, ruffians and scoundrels of the slums. After 26 years of work, he said, "I must confess that I made a serious mistake. If I had put more energy into the evangelism of children, I probably would have been more successful. With the help of God I probably could have led them to Christ instead of letting them become murderers or prostitutes. I was too impatient to wait the necessary 10 or 15 years for them to become adults."

Children of North Sudan

By MARY ANNA BODE, Omdurman, North Sudan

IT WAS Christmas Eve. The large kindergarten room at the Girls' Boarding School in Khartoum North was filled with children, servants, Bible Women, teachers and missionaries. We sat around a cessaban tree which was decorated with balls, and tinsel. Under the tree were dolls for the little girls and an assortment of packages for the others.

For many months, in fact, as early as last April, the traditional question of children, "When will Christmas be?" was being asked. And now it was Christmas Eve! The excitement and expectation in that room would have equalled any to be found.

The Christmas story, so old, yet so new to little North Sudanese children, was told. The hot cocoa, oranges, cookies, and candy were passed. The carols were sung. The awaited dolls were given to their new mothers who fairly ate them up.

In our mission Boys' School in Omdurman a similar celebration was to be in progress on Christmas morning. The boys were to receive balls, trucks, and "jet propelled" balloons in place of the dolls, but their enthusiasm would be just as great.

Children in our schools in the North Sudan love Christmas because they know that it is a time of joy and rejoicing for all who observe it. They know that gifts are given and received because once long ago God gave His Greatest Gift to the world. They know that it is a time of "feasting." How we long that they might accept the Saviour in their hearts and make Christmas their own day.

Our school children love to play just as all children do. The boys, who are a part of our day school, create an obstacle course when they use the school compound for a football field. Pieces of clothes line make wonderful jumping ropes for the girls. The big logs under the trees provide ideal places to organize "clubs," to sing songs, or to play "house." Mud pies are in vogue the year round with the tiny children while the more grown up nine- and ten-year-olds begin to have visions of lady-like recreation.

Our children do not have expensive toys. Many of them have never owned toys other than the ones that they have been given from under the school Christmas tree, but the ones that they do have, plus their imaginations, serve them well.

Uniforms are in style for school girls. In the Girls' Boarding School pink and blue cotton checked princess-type dresses are worn. However, on the streets and in the villages children may be seen wearing any one of many kinds of clothes. Most little boys wear a long white shirt-like garment. Their heads are covered with a colorful skull cap. Many wrap their heads with a long white piece of material which makes them look much like their fathers. Little girls like brightly colored "petticoats" over which they wear poorly-fitted cotton, rayon or satin dresses. These more expensive dresses are made at feast times and then used, usually "without benefit of soap and water," until they are dirty and torn. The older girls wrap themselves in the wide, long outer cloth which covers all but face, hands and feet when they go outside their homes.

Most North Sudanese children live in mud and brick two- or three-room houses which are surrounded by mud walls. These houses have few pieces of furniture. The floors are usually hard earth. Goats, chickens and donkeys share the compounds with the children. The family meals are cooked over charcoal.

There are many customs in the North Sudan to which the people are strongly tied. One of the more obvious ones is that of marking the faces of children. A girl's face usually bears three long scars on each cheek. A boy's face is marked according to the marking of the tribal group. Though this practice is not so prevalent in the larger towns, it is done almost without exception to the children in the villages.

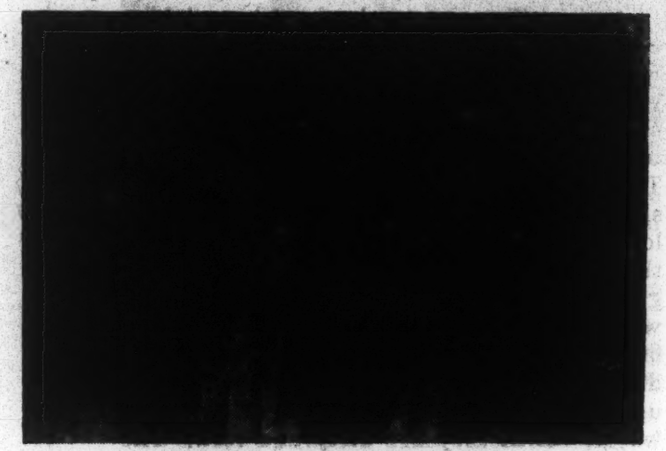
Very tiny braids, which number sometimes as many as 120, and which are rebraided only once every six or eight weeks, are the girls' crowning glory. As the girls become "teen-age" they begin to wear gold earrings, and bracelets.

Children in the North Sudan cannot be "typed." They differ in as many ways as American children differ. The color of

their skin might be light brown, medium brown, or black. They may be very placid, happy, and well-mannered, or they may be the opposite. Many learn quickly and become well educated. Untold children never enter schools. While many are in families where binding customs no longer dominate their lives, vast numbers live far beyond the influence of those who are more progressive.

However wide the differences are among these children, or however much they are alike, they share one common need which

Frances Turk and children of the Boarding School, Khartoum North



Children of the North Sudan

A group of our school girls in North Sudan

transcends all others. This need will be met; the joy that makes them ask, "When will Christmas be?" and the joy that they feel on Christmas Eve will be complete when to celebrate Christmas means to celebrate the birthday of their Saviour in whom they believe.

We ask with, and for these children, "When will Christmas be? When will Christ be—in their hearts?"

MOTHERS

By (Mrs. F. A.) Katharine Bode*

God needs someone here on earth
To love and think of others
Some one who always understands
That's why he gave us "Mothers."

Mother takes us by the hand
And teaches us to walk
She leads us in the narrow way
And listens when we talk.

And if we stumble on the way
And are unseen by others,
The hands that always help us up
Are those dear hands of Mother's.

Mother never will forget
Tho' we're far away from home,
And her prayers will follow us
No matter where we roam.

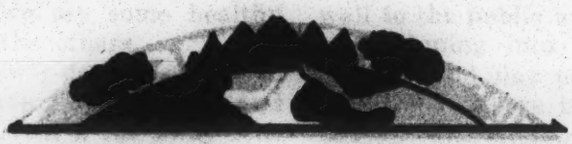
God needs someone here on Earth
To love and think of others.
Someone who always understands,
That's why He gave us "Mothers."

*Mother of Mary Anna, writer of article.

More North Sudan children

Children of South Sudan

By MRS. J. ROBERT SWART, RCA Missionary, Pibor Post, South Sudan



ABOUT MURLE CHILDREN

THE calves had wandered away from the herd. The calves were Etco's responsibility, and they had a way of disappearing quietly while Etco lay sprawled in the shade of the thorn tree dreaming of the time when he would be grown and would have a fine big herd all his own. How often he had seen his father sitting on his hand-carved, three-legged stool, gazing for hours in rapt admiration of his excellent cattle! What greater satisfaction could a man have!

Slowly Etco shifted his position so that he could see what the calves were doing.

"Awang! Where have those calves gone now? No Murle gardens for them to get into because this is the dry season, but the mission garden isn't very far away."

So, in the leisurely way of the tribes of the South Sudan, he sauntered away in search of his charges. He would be glad when night came and the calves would be corralled in an enclosure surrounded by a thick thorn fence. No danger of their wandering away then and no danger of hyenas or lions getting in, either. It so happened that Etco found the calves browsing among the trees back from the river. He could go back to his day-dreaming now.

So this Murle spends his days, taking time out now and then for a drink of milk or perhaps a cocktail of blood and milk. Etco's father is teaching him just how to hold the miniature bow and arrow to pierce a bull's jugular vein for the blood which is an important element of Murle diet.

Etco's most exciting days are those during the white-eared cob migration. (Cob are a deer-like animal.) Cob by the thousands pass through his country. If a man is a good spear-hurler, he is certain to have plenty of meat during cob season. (Nov. or Dec.) It is exhilarating fun to go out before dawn with father and several other Murles and surprise the cob wandering in the bush. Then what mad rushing about and what frantic spear-throwing! Etco must learn well and he watches carefully the art of the hunt. He wants to follow in his father's footsteps and be a good herder and a good hunter.

Learning how to become a good wife and mother begins early in the life of a Murle girl. It has to begin early because she doesn't have many years to prepare for her adult role. Marriage and puberty often coincide.

So Thongde accompanies her mother to the bush to find long slender saplings which they will tie together with bark rope to form the frame of their house. She helps to gather bundles of long grass. These they will tie to the sapling frame, and the resulting structure will resemble a pushed-down haystack. Yes, the women of this tribe are the house-makers as well as the home-makers.

Murle women wear animal skins almost exclusively. So it is quite necessary for Thongde to know how to treat a stiff dried skin so that it will be pliable and comfortable to wear. With proper treatment, the skins become soft and flexible as cloth. Scraping off the hair is an art, too. Most of the skin is scraped clean, but nearly every one has a border design—some quite intricate—fashioned by leaving clumps of hair on the skin to form a pattern.

When Thongde is a married woman, she will wear great clusters of rings of blue beads hanging from her ear-lobes, and her lower lip will be decorated with a large piece of ivory so heavy that when relaxed, it will drop outward. Her upper lip will also hold a small piece of ivory. So her ears and her lips are pierced, and the holes gradually stretched to be ready for the ornaments of womanhood.

During the dry season when the river is very low, Etco and Thongde learn how to fish. Scores of Murle men and women band together to make up a fishing party. The men hold sticks with sharp hooks at the end, and group themselves across the river, making a human barricade from one bank to the other. Farther down the river, the women, some with babies slung on their backs, and most of them with deep fishing baskets of coarsely woven sticks and bark, string themselves in a deep line across the river. And then they start moving up-river toward the men, plunging their baskets into the river to trap the fish and also to send

(*Continued on Page* 496)

Children of Ethiopia

By MRS. MURRAY RUSSELL, Gorei, Ethiopia

CHILDHOOD everywhere should be full of fun and delight. Sometimes we "grown-ups" are tempted to say,

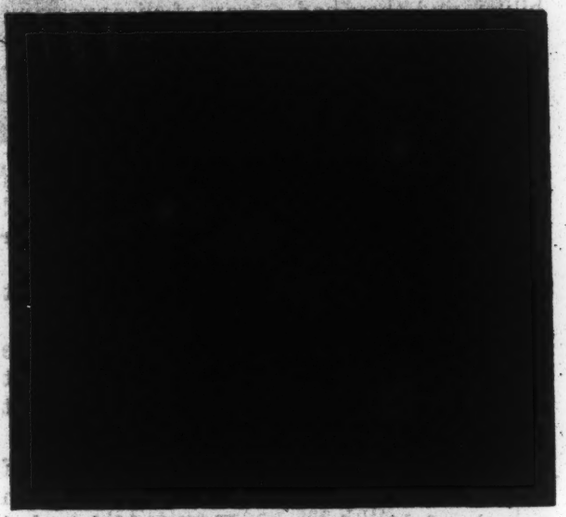
"Backward, turn backward, oh time in thy flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night."

We enjoy remembering when we were small in this big exciting world—when all was full of adventure, unhampered by harnessed imagination.

I think there was a time when all children everywhere were happy. In today's world this is not true, for thousands of boys and girls are wandering—sick, lonesome and hungry, having lost their mommies, daddies and homes. They do not have happy carefree faces. One could not hear laughter or play among them. These children are always afraid. You see, they have seen much suffering and death; some have held their own sisters and brothers in their arms while they died. These awful experiences have scared their little lives and they live in constant fear of that terrible thing they cannot understand—death.

You American boys and girls should be happy today. A destroying war has not come to your cities and homes. You have everything you need and want to make you comfortable and happy—lovely homes, churches where you can worship and learn to know God, schools where you can learn to read and understand about the world, hospitals where your physical needs are cared for, clothes toys, books and most of all mothers and daddies who love you and plan for your life. I want each of you today to thank God for all that He has given you to enjoy—then ask Him to comfort and help the many unhappy and needy children in the world.

There is something in Ethiopia where we live, that is even worse than the results of war, something that makes our hearts heavy and sad. We are here to help these people learn about God's love. As we live among them and see how boys and girls are taught in their homes, we see that sin rules the lives of these dear people. The result of sin is filth, disease, and death. There is nothing in all the world as bad as sin! It is sin that make boys and girls lie, steal, disobey and do all things that are naughty. It is sin that causes big people to hate and hurt one another. It



Three street children standing with Mr. A. C. Mitchell, father of Mrs. Murray Russell, as they waited for an Addis Ababa bus. Mr. Mitchell is visiting his daughter

is sin that makes men want to kill other men and to make wars which destroy whole countries. Sin is everything that is against God. Sin is everything that is wrong! As I tell you about the children of Ethiopia will you always remember that their greatest need is for Jesus to come into their hearts to cleanse from sin.

In the little mud huts of Ethiopia many sweet black babies are born. We hear the "joy cry" as the neighbors gather in celebration over the new life. But from the day the baby is born he lives in dirt and disease. Often these little ones die because of lack of proper care and cleanliness—even before they are forty days old, at which time they are christened and given a name. Mothers often feed their new babies melted butter to make them fat. It does make them fat but they are sickly too. Your mother will tell you that the wee baby's tummy is not strong enough for butter. But the Ethiopian mothers have not been taught what is good and bad for their babies and they do the same as their grandmothers did years ago. Babies all over the country are still dying. We are

thankful for our clinic in Gorei and for our good nurse, Miss Ruth Beatty, who is teaching the mothers how to care for their children. Now we see some healthy happy babies among the others.

As the children grow older we often see the results of poor eating. Many boys and girls come to church with a far-away look in their eyes, big protruding tummies, and tiny spindly legs, arms and necks. This means that they do not get enough good out of their food, perhaps that some get only one small meal a day. The *wut* that all Ethiopians eat is a very hot food, sometimes too hot for us to eat, but these little children's tummies know nothing else. Therefore they are sickly.

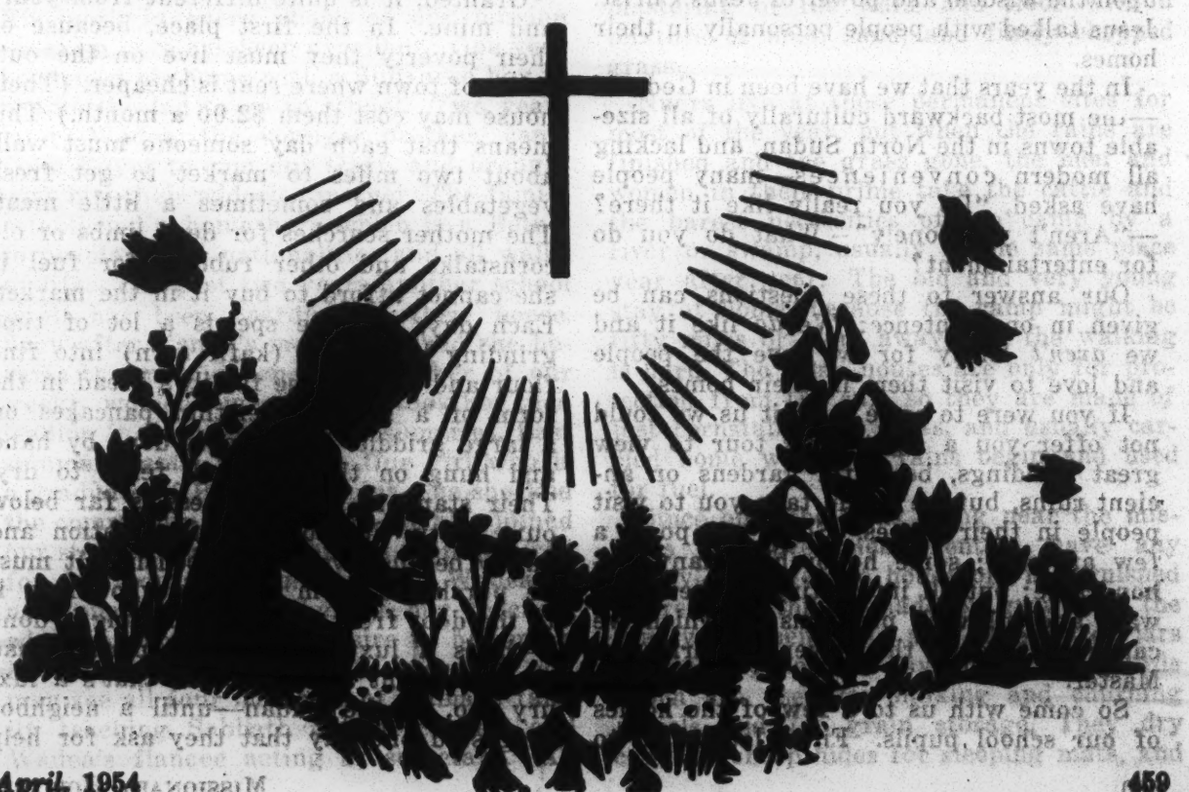
At night instead of having a nice clean, warm bed to be tucked into, the Ethiopian child just falls to sleep on the mud floor of his hut, sleeping in the cold and wearing the same dirty shirt that he has worn for many days and nights. Most of the children we see have runny noses. Perhaps it is because of the cold nights on the mud floors.

Some fear that evil spirits might harm their children. Therefore, charms of shells or glass and stone are tied to the child's hair or around his neck. Also, the hair of the children is cut into odd and ugly shapes. Sometimes we have to smile because they look so funny.

Ethiopian children learn early in their lives how to work. They herd the cattle, guard the fields, help their mothers carry wood and haul water for the household. Even now as I sit under one of our papaya trees I can look down over our garden wall to the public well and see several little boys dipping into the water to fill their oil cans and clay pots with it.

Although there is not much play in the life of the Ethiopian child there is one thing that he likes to do perhaps more than many other things. He likes to sing! How I wish you might hear them sing their Ethiopian folk songs. They sway and dance with the rhythm of the music and thoroughly enjoy themselves. It is an inspiration to see how they lighten their burden of work by singing. This is a good secret for all of us to learn. A little tune makes the hardest work seem lighter.

More Ethiopian boys and girls are going to school from year to year. This is a good thing. Gorei has a fine government school and seventeen of the schoolboys live here on the mission compound with us. They go to the school to learn to read and write, and then we teach them the Word of God. It is a joy to hear them sing our Christian songs, say memorized scripture and pray together. A few of them have made public confession that they want to become true Christians. We are indeed happy because it is for this purpose that we have come to live among these people in this far-away land—that they may come to know the love of God in their hearts; that their lives may be changed from the way of darkness to the way of Light.



Homes

"O dear God, love this home of mine,
And all who dwell therein,
Care for our bodies, bless our hearts,
And keep our lives from sin.
God make my home a house of joy,
Where love and faith are given,
Make it the dearest place to You;
The nearest place to Heaven." Amen.

HOMES AROUND THE WORLD

Homes—NORTH SUDAN

By MRS. H. T. WALKER,
Gedaref, The North Sudan

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This advice from the psalmist was doubtless addressed to parents. Yet the same words might express the aim of our mission schools.

Many times parents bring their children to us and say, "Take this boy and treat him as you would your own son. Be stern with him, beat him, teach him anything you like, but make something of him. We have seen the fruits of your school and want our boy to be here."

Some have said, "If he accepts your religion rather than ours, that is up to him."

What a responsibility is placed upon the school, particularly when we accept children of a different faith or with no faith. We can only accept it by leaning heavily upon the wisdom and power of Jesus Christ. Jesus talked with people personally in their homes.

In the years that we have been in Gedaref —the most backward culturally of all sizeable towns in the North Sudan, and lacking all modern conveniences—many people have asked, "Do you really like it there? —"Aren't you lonely" -- What do you do for entertainment?"

Our answer to these questions can be given in one sentence: We *do* like it and we *aren't* lonely for we love the people and love to visit them in their homes.

If you were to come to visit us we could not offer you a sightseeing tour to view great buildings, beautiful gardens or ancient ruins, but we would take you to visit people in their homes. Some are poor, a few are rich; some honorable, many dishonorable; but all interesting in their own way, and all with problems in which we can help, through the power of Christ our Master.

So come with us to a few of the homes of our school pupils. First, let us go to Zeinab's house. It is a single round hut built only of cornstalks with a grass roof and mud floor. It does not offer as much protection during the rains as a mud-thatched hut would, but Zeinab's family does not complain for her father is a blind beggar who gains a few piastres a day by making the rounds of the shops where the shop-keepers make a habit of handing out to each beggar a milleme (about ⅛ of a cent). The mother is able occasionally to earn a bit by making extra bread and selling it, but most of the time she is burdened enough with the care of her large family and hasn't any incentive to do more than feed and clothe them meagerly. But you might look at their one room furnished only with three palm-rope beds without mattresses, one small table, a chair, two small metal trunks for cooking utensils and clothes, a stove made of a kerosene tin, an oil-can with a wick for light, and a porous clay pot for water, and you would say, "But what house-keeping does she do?"

Granted, it is quite different from yours and mine. In the first place, because of their poverty they must live on the outskirts of town where rent is cheaper. (Their house may cost them $2.00 a month.) This means that each day someone must walk about two miles to market to get fresh vegetables and sometimes a little meat. The mother searches for dead limbs or old cornstalks and other rubbish for fuel if she cannot afford to buy it in the market. Each day, too, she spends a lot of time grinding her durra (kafir corn) into fine flour and making the family's bread in the form of a huge, paper-thin pancakes on a large griddle. Washing is done by hand and hung on the cornstalk fence to dry. Their standard of cleanliness is far below ours partly due to lack of education and partly because water is expensive. It must be purchased from carriers who bring it to the door from wells. No ironing is done —that's a luxury! Zeinab's parents had never thought of education—that's a luxury too, in the Sudan—until a neighbor suggested one day that they ask for help

from the mission school. Zeinab is one of the very few pupils we admit free. She is a little larger than Becky, but gratefully accepts any of Becky's hand-me-downs. Though the father is of a deeply religious Muslim sect who seldom bend to any other teaching, this year he brought us a son and agreed to pay for his books if we would accept him and train him in our school.

Waheeba's home is too far away to visit often, but we are interested in it because her mother, a Christian by name but a harlot by trade, is trying to give her only child a Christian education. She recognizes it as the best way, though she herself has not given Christ control of her life. She is living far out in a small village now, working as a servant. Her home is always neat and she has taught her daughter well the household arts she knows, of cleaning, cooking, and embroidery. But her sad face and humble words of confession to me prove that she desires a nobler life for her doughter than she has made for herself, and she realizes that only away from her home environment will Waheeba be able to attain it. So here is another of our pupils whom we have recently placed in our girls' boarding school to be "trained in the way she should go."

One more home you'd be sure to visit with us is that of three of our teachers: Kamal Eff, his wife, Aida, and his brother, Wadea. Kamal Effendi came to us about five years ago, fresh from Assiut College. His work in every phase of our mission program here has been excellent. One year he shared his home with a Sudanese boy to enable the lad to go to school. Two years later, Wadea, the younger brother, came from Egypt to join our staff, and brought with him their widowed mother. The family established a home here which is a Bethel to people of all nationalities and all walks of life. The past two years another school pupil has been boarding in their house. Soon after Kamal's mother arrived she became the most dependable member of our weekly women's meeting and took her turn leading it along with the missionaries. Last summer Kamal married a fine girl who is a graduate of P.M.I. in Assiut. She shocked the community at first when she also joined our staff of teachers, but was soon admired for her education and talent. Wadea is now engaged to another of our teachers who has expressed her desire to become a Protestant. Every Sabbath morning you may see all four members of Kamal's family teaching Sabbath School classes, and Wadea's fiancee acting as secretary. All the members of this family are of full or half Coptic background, but the four young folks have become Protestant by choice. The young men have been offered numerous other positions with much better pay, but they continue to serve their Saviour where they feel they have been called. This is a home whose head is Christ. The little child who will bless that home in the near future will be one of the most fortunate in this land, for he is sure to be "trained up in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Homes—SOUTH SUDAN

By MRS. CHARLES JORDAN,
Ler, Upper Nile, The South Sudan

NUERS live in a communal way, or in a family group which is typical of most Southern Sudanese tribes. The home site usually has two to four houses and a barn, all surrounded by a cornstalk fence. The women and old men sleep in one house, married sons and their families have separate sleeping houses, young men and boys sleep in the barn, and there is a house for cooking and grain storage. The houses are built by the whole family, men and boys digging the shallow foundation, carrying the sticks and mud for the walls, and doing most of the thatching. Women and girls usually gather the thatching grass, help carry supplies, and they always do the final plastering of the walls and floor with a mixture of mud, sand, and finely chopped grass.

Nuers live at these permanent sites for most of the year, but when the rains are finished and the grass gone, the men and women in their prime take the cattle and the barest necessities off to camp by a river or swamp, usually to the same place year after year. The old and very young stay at home, because the camp might be fifty miles or more away, and the walking is hard. The camp houses are only for protection from the sun, so they are made of just cornstalks and grass, and usually carried home when the rains begin and used for fuel.

Since only the folks living near the missions or government centers have any money, the average household is furnished entirely by things made or grown by the family. Women mold and bake water jars and cooking pots of clay, they grow gourds which are used for milking and churning vessels and for grain storage. They dry cow and sheep hides for sleeping mats, and

These three mud-and-grass houses comprise the living quarters of the clinic assistant at Doleib Hill. The two houses in the foreground are living and sleeping quarters for the man and his wife and their two sons. The third tukl in the back is the cooking house. The houses have windows only when screen wire is available. Otherwise the mosquitoes would be impossible

for pillows they cut a saw-horse-shaped little branch of a tree.

Their home life is very different from ours—men having their work and women theirs, and neither willing to help the other. Men do the hunting, fishing, managing of the cattle, and certain parts of the planting and harvesting. Women do the water carrying, grinding, cooking, milking, house repairing, and of course they have entire charge of the children. We have known men to go hungry for days because they were unwilling to grind and cook themselves some grain.

One time our cook and his little boy accompanied us on a picnic, and when I noticed that the little boy seemed to be frightened the man said "Yes, he is afraid of me. He is always with his mother so doesn't know me."

When the boys are nine or so their fathers teach them to throw a spear, paddle a canoe, take care of cattle, and other men's work. Women teach their daughters much earlier. Men just never get to know their daughters. All over this part of the Sudan it is thought shameful for the sexes to eat in each other's presence. So men, women, boys, and girls each have their separate eating groups. How lost we feel when one member of our family is missing at meal time—but we are bound by love, not custom.

In Nuer homes there is little love, in fact a man is afraid to love his wife or children, for fear they would refuse to do their work, and they probably would, too. True Christian love changes these homes for the better, but often we are saddened to see no love in homes which are nominally Christian. I heard of a Shilluk woman who was suffering malaria chills, and the missionary, indicating a folded blanket across the room asked why she didn't cover up. The woman, the wife of a supposedly Christian teacher replied, "No, that is my husband's blanket. I haven't any!"

In preparing this article I had a long talk with my two present house boys, who are very frank as most Nuers are. I asked them what aspect of our life they liked, and which they would like to adopt in their homes when they married. The best "habit" we have, they said, was the way both my husband and myself care for the children, and especially the way we teach them about the Lord. They see us reading the *Prayer Cycle* before the breakfast blessing, the *Daily Light* before lunch and supper, and

the Bible story after their "play story" before bed.

The men think our way of all sitting down to meals together is a very good "habit." They see what fun we have and how we can visit together while we eat.

The cook asked whose "talk" it was when company was invited, mine or Mr. Jordan's.

I replied that we both liked company and decided together to invite people in to share our meals.

He then asked who decided how the money was to be spent, and when I replied that we both decided what we needed and then spent the money accordingly he said, "I thought so." And he wanted to know if Mr. Jordan ever says, "I'm the boss, you'll do as I say."

When I replied, "Of course not!" he said, "See, you do all these things in the right way, so you don't have fights. Nuer men like to be boss and so do the women, so there is always fighting.

The other boy likes the way we teach the children about the dangers of snakes, the river, open wells, fire, etc., and then let them go out and play and don't worry about them. He said the lack of "fussiness" on our part must be because we know God can and will care for the children wherever they go. Nuer parents have no such serenity because they have so many fears. This boy also remarked that our children have healthy bodies and happy spirits because we keep them clean, well fed, and well loved, so unlike the Nuer way. What is lacking that enables a Nuer woman to use a big pot of grain to make a mess of beer, but makes her unwilling to sell a small gourdful to get two cents to have her baby's sore eyes treated at the clinic? I think the answer is Christian love, without which Nuer homes will never be the happy homes they should be.

Homes—PAKISTAN-INDIA

By MARIAN T. PETERSON,
Biblical Seminary, New York,
on Furlough from Pakistan

"Home, sweet home!
Be is ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

WHAT does not that word "home" conjure up in your mind? The home of your childhood, a place of love and sympathy, and understanding; a place of comfort, and refuge, and nurture! Or the home which you yourself have helped to build, on the firm foundations of faith, love, and integrity!

But did you ever stop to think that our very concept of home is, in the last analysis, made possible only by the Christian insistence on the dignity of womanhood, the sanctity of marriage, and eternal worth of a little child? In non-Christian languages, there is not even an equivalent for the word home. Families there are, and houses, and the word house connotes the place where one lives, but that is a far cry from a home.

Suppose we look first at their houses. These vary all the way from the improvised huts in which thousands of refugees still live, to the luxurious mansions of the very wealthy. But, except where western influence has been strong, even the most pretentious of them are peculiarly lacking in cleanliness and comfort, by our standards. Not infrequently, wealthy Hindus or Muslims are deceived by the attractive hominess of our modest mission bungalows, into thinking that we must be very rich.

The houses of the wealthy are often built around a courtyard, with separate quarters for the women. In cities these "purdah" quarters, as they are called, are designed more for the purpose of screening the women from the gaze of men than of providing fresh air or comfort.

More common is the one or two-room mud house with no furnishings save some rope beds, a tin trunk or two, a few pots and pans. Often there is no chimney, and the smoke from the cooking is almost blinding. Water must be carried from the village well, and nearby fields provide the only sanitation. If the family is particularly enterprising, the inside walls may be colorwashed, and there may even be a cheap picture or two on the walls.

So much for their houses. Now let us look at the families who live in them. But first, perhaps it should be said that in both India and Pakistan there has been such a mingling of east and west, and such an influence of Christian institutions that even where there has been no change of religion, one does, occasionally, see some of the characteristics of a Christian home, even among non-Christians. But that is rather the exception that proves the rule.

And small wonder that their way of life does not produce homes as we conceive of them. Marriages are arranged by the parents, often with more regard to economic or social advantage than to whether or not the couple will be congenial. Sons bring their brides to live under the parental roof, under the dominance of a mother-in-law who, too often, does her best to make the poor bride as miserable as possible. If the

family is a Muslim one, the bride may even find herself a co-wife with another woman. She knows that if she fails to produce sons, she will probably be divorced, or have a very miserable time of it. It is only natural then, that she should think of her husband as a master to be feared, rather than as a life partner with whom she may hope and plan and dream. Real fellowship, the sharing of things of the mind and spirit, is practically ruled out in such a family.

In both religions, sons are essential to the survival of the families. Daughters, on the other hand, are little valued, and up to less than a century ago, were often killed or cast out to die. It follows that there is usually little equality in families. The boys get all the spoiling, and the girls soon learn to give in to them in everything. (If a girl does win the love or esteem of her parents, they will probably express it by calling her "Son.") Nor can the parents be altogether blamed for their attitude toward their daughters, for well they know that as soon as they come to a marriageable age, often not more than 14, these girls will have to go out from under their roof, to become the property of another family, while sons usually remain in their parents' home.

Never, in the typical non-Christian family, is there such a thing as a family meal. Not until the women have finished serving the men, may they eat. If the family is strictly Muslim, the women will not even sit without permission, in the presence of men. If there are male guests, the women keep their faces covered.

But now let us look in at dinner in the home of one of our pastors. A sheet has been spread on the floor, and cushions laid around it. The mother and daughter bring dishes from the kitchen, but the family waits until they are seated to begin. The blessing is asked by the grandmother, and the whole family joins in the conversation. When dinner is finished each child makes some contribution to the family worship, with a verse, a song, or a prayer. But unless you are familiar with home in these lands you can hardly appreciate how much is represented by each of these statements.

The Christian home movement has done much in the past ten years to awaken the Church to the importance of Christian homes to the strengthening of the Church itself, and to its outreach in the community. To that end we are seeking, through conferences, festivals, literature, and every available means, to train men and women in everything from the simple rules of hygiene and child care, to the weightier matters of home-making and family worship. And we do it with the faith that even one truly Christian home in a non-Christian community is about the most effective witness we have ever found to the transforming power of Christ.

A HAPPY EGYPTIAN FAMILY

By MARY L. THOMPSON, Assiut, Egypt

"MRS. FAHIM GIRGIS invites us all to tea on Friday afternoon. She wants us to come when the doctor is at home for his weekly holiday." This announcement, or one similar to it, always brings an enthusiastic response from the members of the P.M.I. staff for we all enjoy a visit in the Fahim home.

Would you like to hear more about this Egyptian family whose doors are opened so frequently and hospitably to all of us Americans who live here in Assiut? As I tell of this family, I remember other families presided over by graduates of our school where the same warm family loyalties are manifest, and in which parents take time to be interested in the work of their children and plan for their future with care.

Some thirty years ago an attractive young girl called Emily was a pupil in our Mission school in Tanta. As a child she had gone with her parents to England where her father was studying. Her father and mother were ambitious for their children and when they returned to Egypt planned to make it possible for their children to have every advantage to develop their individual talents. Nursing appealed to Emily and she found an outlet for this interest by using some of her spare time to help in our hospital in Tanta. At that time that was a daring venture for the daughter of a family such as hers.

Later she was married to a young doctor from a well-known Christian family of Upper Egypt. The young couple had for a number of years to make their home in simple villages, for the doctor was under government appointment and had to take charge of the eye hospital wherever he was appointed. Their first appointment was in Quesna, a village in lower Egypt where our Mission had a small school. The oldest of the Fahim children started his education in that school.

About twenty years ago Dr. Fahim was put in charge of the government Ophthalmic Hospital in Assiut and then it was that we at the P.M.I. learned to know the Fahims. Through the years twelve children have

come into this delightful home. All but the oldest son have been pupils in the P.M.I., for small boys as well as girls are admitted in our kindergarten classes. Naturally we share in the parents' pride over the splendid record that the children are making.

A memory which often comes to mind is of this young mother bringing her little flock to church, all spick-and-span in their church clothes, and the newest baby was always one of the party.

As the years have passed we have watched the progress of the five sons and the six daughters of the family. One little girl died at the age of ten. With characteristic courage the mother covered her own sorrow in order not to cast gloom over the lives of the rest of the children. On the day when the little sister was buried the other children were sent to school as usual so that they would not have to witness the weeping and wailing that accompany such an occasion.

The boys left the gentler life of a girls' school for the more rugged joys of a boys' school after they were through kindergarten. But there have been no more faithful attendants at our musical programs than these Fahim sons. Every member of the family finds pleasure in music. Two of the sons play the violin, and all the girls play the piano with real musical ability. An evening in the Fahim home always means a concert in which every member of the family shares. The older girls have in turn played for the church services in the Second Evangelical Church here in Assiut. A quartet of the Fahim children is frequently on the program at Christian Endeavor meetings or at other youth gatherings.

Now we have only the youngest daughter in school, but we keep in close touch with the efforts of those who have left school. The eldest son has followed his father's footsteps and in addition to his government appointment has a clinic of his own where he does his share in helping to give the Egyptians better eyes. The second son is an engineer. Tawfik, the next one in the family, has just finished his internship and is now beginning to use his skill as a physician to serve the Lord in our American Mission Hospital in Assiut. The eldest daughter is married and brings her charming little daughter to our nursery class. Lulu is a doctor and is on the staff of the Damerdash Hospital in Cairo. She is ambitious to go to the United States for advanced study. Ida married the pastor of our church is Shubra, in Cairo. She followed the new fashion in Egypt and continued her medical course after her marriage. She has recently received her degree, and was the eighth in her class of 130—66 of whom passed. Marie is a student at the Girls' College in Cairo and will go to Richmond, Virginia, next year for a course in Religious Education. Wafia is at the Egyptian University in Cairo studying English Literature. Farouk, Suad and Kamal are still at home getting ready for careers later on.

Four of the children are married and in homes of their own. Four grandchildren help to keep Mrs. Fahim from forgetting how to look after babies.

There is a fine family loyalty among the Fahims. They are the kind of people that one likes to claim as friends.

Come out to Egypt and we shall take you to call on this delightful family. I am sure that you will leave anticipating a second invitation to share the homely atmosphere that pervades the house.

AMERICAN INDIAN HOMES

By MRS. FREDERICK E. MILLIGAN,
Pittsburgh Pa.

LOOKING at Webster's dictionary for a definition of our subject we find that home is "the *house* in which one lives with his *family*" and that an Indian is a "member of the aboriginal *American* Race." In this little study let us narrow the subject to the Indian homes of our United Presbyterian Missions.

We shall speak of homes in a comparative sense—the Indian homes compared with the average homes of the white race. We should be interested in the homes of every American whether red or black or white for as Dr. A. Gordon MacLennan said in a sermon, "A nation never rises above its homes and seldom sinks below them. Poison the spring and you poison the river. Our American homes are springs pouring themselves into the great river of national life. The unit of society is not the individual, but the family. The family is the spring from which the river of national, social, and religious life takes its rise."

Therefore, it should be of deepest concern to every United Presbyterian to know that some generalized statements can be made of all Indian homes whether they be at Tama, Stilwell, Warm Springs, Simnasho, or Oljato that are not a credit to the white race. All homes are poor, with few furnishings, and lacking many of what we refer to as the necessities for living. All homes

are small and usually must accommodate large families. Let it be said to the credit of our Indian friends that the great proportion of Indian homes are clean. To keep them so is not an easy task, for water is scarce and sometimes has to be carried great distances.

Specifically, let us look at the construction of our Indian homes. Indian homes are similar at Warm Springs, Simnasho, Stilwell, and Tama. They are frame construction, poorly insulated, making them cold in winter and warm in summer. Visitors traveling through these areas could not tell from the outside appearance whether Indians or poor whites lived there. But the construction of the Navajo home is entirely different. Tourists would not need to ask, for they would know Indians lived there. Let me quote Sandy Hassell in, *Know the Navajo*: "The Navajo home or hogan is a one room dome-like structure, usually made of logs and covered with dirt. It has a dirt floor, no windows, and the door always faces east. An open fire in the center serves for both cooking and heating. A hole in the center of the roof permits the smoke to escape and gives light. These hogans, cool in summer and warm in winter, give protection against violent desert sandstorms. The word 'hogan' has been incorporated into the English language and is found in the latest dictionaries. The great majority of Navajos have no beds, tables, or chairs in their hogans. They prefer sheepskins placed on the ground for beds. Navajos enjoy company but they also like seclusion. They build their hogans a discreet distance from their neighbors. When there is a family group of several hogans they often build them a city block apart. This formation is called a camp."

From these generalized and specific statements, we realize there is much to be desired in the housing situation of the American Indian. The question that was asked me most often as Indian Secretary was why has progress been so slow among the American Indian? As I have studied the situation, the answer is not difficult. Recall that the first educational and missionary effort has been made among these people within the memory of men now living. We seem to expect our Indians to do in one generation what we have taken many to do; we expect them to progress from little above a Stone-Age civilization to a fully educated and cultured race overnight and even more amazing, to do it without even tools to work with. Then, too, sentimental ones would like to keep Indian as he is "to preserve the prized American heritage."

As Earle F. Dexter brings out in his book, *This is the Indian*. Indians are weary of being performers, dressing in regalia,

Christian missions want the American Indian home to be conducive to the welfare of little children like Sarah Todecheene, daughter of our Navajo-mission interpreter

and playing Indian, and of constantly having people invade their homes as if searching ruins of prehistoric caves, and long to be considered only as real Americans and to be given the opportunities we boast are due every American. The Indian is not asking for charity but for a chance. You people who know how to properly develop land, water supplies, and build adequate houses need to demonstrate to a worthy people. They have demonstrated what they can do with little. The position of Navajo women and children in the home could set an example for some white people. The position of a Navajo woman is one of respect and influence. She does most of the work around the home and is seldom idle. She is a good housekeeper and a good mother. The training a Navajo child receives in the home is a credit to any race. Respect for his elders, industry, truthfulness, and morals are stressed.

The American Indian needs the missions of the United Presbyterian Church. The missions need the aid of the men of the church as well as the women. The American Indian has done an amazing job with little help. In this great nation of ours, let us renew our efforts to give opportunity to a long-neglected and much-deserving race. Any chain is only as strong as its weakest link. How could we have overlooked this link so long?

RURAL—FARM HOUSING IN THE SOUTH

By MR. and MRS. GEORGE W. SMITH,
Pittsburgh-Xenia Seminary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BECAUSE of the milder climate houses which would provide quite inadequate protection from cold weather in the North may be fit for habitation in the South. Even taking this into consideration, however, housing facilities are on the whole much less adequate in the rural South than in other rural sections.

The majority of the southern farmhouses are unpainted frame structures, and throughout the South weather-beaten, dull-gray frame houses meet the eye.

The Southern farm homes are lacking not only in sound structural features but also in ordinary conveniences and facilities. Many farm homes do not have adequate lighting facilities and so must rely on the kerosene lamp. Many do not have running water, and so must carry it from the well. The well in many cases is located nearly a mile from the home as it must serve more than one family. Many cannot afford a washing machine, refrigerator, or even screens for the windows and doors—to mention only a few of the inconveniences of facilities so necessary to life.

The deficiency in southern rural housing relates not only a matter of quality but also of quantitative aspect. These homes are always overcrowded as the average number of rooms per house are between two and three and the family includes six or eight children. The explanation of this crowded condition is of course, that the size of the dwelling does not increase at the same rate as the size of the family.

The inadequate farm home with the lack of conveniences and facilities may also affect the health of these children. The lack of running water does not permit the child to have a daily bath. The continuous use of the kerosene lamp would ruin anyone's eyes. The lack of screens for windows and doors permits the common fly to enter which carries diseases.

Why do these conditions still exist in the South? Why do they still live in these unpainted dilapidated homes? How long must these people continue to work for less than $10.00 or $15.00 a week? The Negro farm families do not make enough money to repair a home or to buy some of the necessities of life, therefore they continue to live in these dilapidated homes.

The families of Wilcox County, Alabama, are grateful for the nurse that has been provided for their county. Many boys and girls have been helped from the service rendered by the nurses that have served this county.

Now that I have mentioned briefly the rural farm home with reference in particular to Wilcox County, I would also like to mention the rural-farm owner. "There are Such Things."

There are some families in Wilcox County who own their own farms. These homes will be found painted and will have as many conveniences and facilities as their income will allow. This of course is possible because the income is more secure whether it is earned by one or more members of the family or represented by farm-produced goods.

These families who enjoy some of the necessities of life are for the most part products of the mission schools. In these homes we can see the fruit of the work of the U.P. Church. The members of these homes have been taught some cardinal principles which are necessary to start any race on its upward goal. These are homes where Christianity is taught and practiced—homes where faith, hope and love abide.

The romance of the Smiths began at Knoxville College of which both are graduates. Mr. Smith had gone there from Hayneville, Alabama, and Mrs. Smith from Nicholasville, Kentucky. He had attended our school at Miller's Ferry, Alabama, also. They, with their bright-eyed, happy little two-year-old Anthony Tyrone, live in the George Long Apartments at the Seminary, where Mr. Smith is enrolled as a Junior. Mrs. Smith may be seen each week-day in the Literature Department of the WGMS at 904 Publication Building efficiently serving all who come to purchase missionary materials.

Sobriety—For Their Sakes

By DR. FRANCIS SHUNK DOWNS, Pastor of Saint Paul's Church, Berkeley, California.

THERE are many reasons to support sobriety, but we must have it for the sake of the children.

Everywhere they are confronted with the solicitation to drink intoxicating liquors. In grocery stores, drug stores, liquor stores; on bill boards, over radio and television, in the daily press and popular magazines.

They and we are falsely led to believe that to drink alcoholic liquors is the healthy and wholesome thing to do, that it is essential to happy social life in home and club, and that if you're going to be "in the swim," be abreast of the times, and do the thing that is "smart," you should serve and partake of intoxicating liquors—of course, in moderation, the liquor people plausibly and deceitfully advise us!

Parents and children alike must be told the sobering fact that liquor is playing havoc with the American home, a chief cause of divorce and the broken home, a major cause of crime, insanity, and moral breakdown.

Teen-age drinking is on the sharp increase, due to advertisements, family habits, and social example. The lack of wise parental oversight in homes and at parties leads to drinking carousals and worse.

Some judges estimate and newspaper accounts of juvenile crime indicate that 80% is committed while drinking or under its influence.

We must have sobriety because driving an auto and drinking do not mix. Our highway police report that 35% to 40% of accidents, driver or pedestrian, are due to drink. A drunken driver on the road is a "rare bird"; the drinking driver who has had a drink or two is the chief menace.

We citizens talk a lot about "safety-first" and "protect our children" and fail to put the axe to the root of their chief peril. What fools we mortals be!

If there is to be sobriety, then there must be immediate and wide-spread attention to three fields of activity.

I. *There must be honest and intelligent instruction.*

I have been very grateful to a mother and father who taught me from my earliest years to leave liquor entirely alone. As a little fellow of six years of age, my mother explained to me some of the reasons for never touching it, and the possible perils if I did. Then of my own volition, I

signed the pledge to abstain, and mother pinned the little white ribbon on my coat. That instruction and the pledge taken has, by God's grace, in the face of fierce temptations over the years been kept.

Too much importance cannot be placed upon the early training of children. Seed sown in very young hearts and minds is sown in good soil. The lessons learned, the habits formed, during the years of infancy and childhood, have more to do with the formation of character and the direction of life than have all the instruction and training of after years.

Let us be on guard today against the wide-spread education for moderate drinking. Such instruction is both dangerous and deceptive. It is the Devil's worm on the hook of enslavement.

Whether such instruction appears in a full-page advertisement of a widely-known whiskey in which before Christmas they urged people not to drink if driving, and then in the same paragraph urged the drinking in "moderation" of their particular brand of whiskey makes no difference. With what finesse will hypocrisy clothe itself!

On the other hand, beware of some research foundations which while deploring the evils of the liquor traffic and the growing number of chronic alcoholics, suggest that moderation may be desirable and ac-

ceptable. Moderation undoubtedly may be acceptable to many, but as to being desirable it can only lead up a blind alley.

Every alcoholic started as a social drinker —just as a gesture of social conformity, and then found himself drinking regularly but in moderation—and then—!

II. *There must be a changed environment for our children.*

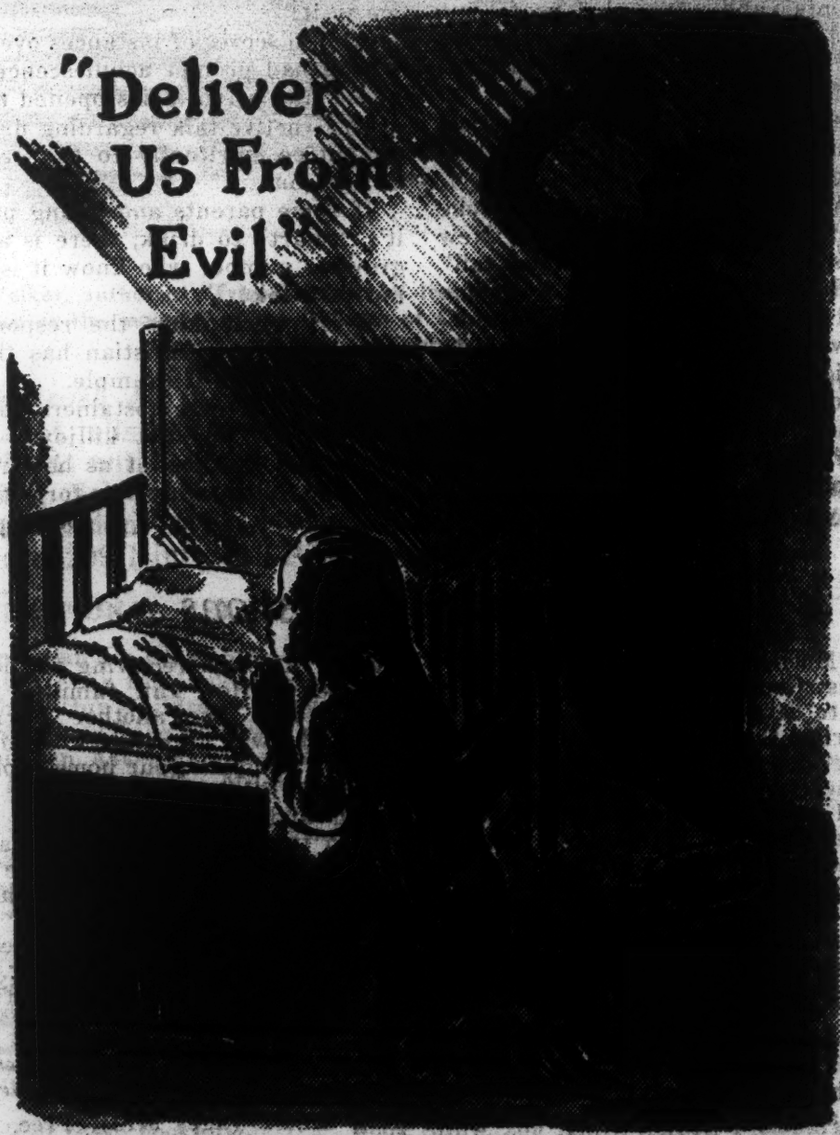
Christ came not only to save the individual, but to destroy the works of the Devil. Since Prohibition, even Church bodies have suffered from the spirit of defeatism. The sag in moral conviction and social passion has led many "good people" to sit on the sidelines, and do little or nothing to change the "liquor environment" in which our children find themselves.

Slowly but surely, however, one can sense the resurgence of a different spirit today. Through Congressional and State Investigating Committees, the cupidity and corruption of the liquor traffic, and the mounting toll of lives, injury, and crime resulting from it, besides the greater loss in homes, pocket-books and souls of millions, is creating and crystallizing a public opinion that will outlaw or more effectively control the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

Our part is to support all efforts and agencies in our communities working to this end; to practice and promote abstinence; to unite with others to secure wise and effective legislation; and to keep ever before ourselves and our children the kind of environment we should bequeath to them.

In a temperance campaign, a lawyer was discussing learnedly the constitutionality of the proposed law. As he finished, a farmer rose quickly and said: "I know nothing about the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the law, but I've got seven good reasons for voting for it."

"What are they?" asked the lawyer.



And the grim farmer responded: "Four sons and three daughters!"

III. *We must set before our children the right example.*

An ounce of example is worth a pound of instruction. If there is to be sobriety in our children, then parents and those whom they look up to, must practice sobriety.

I was at a dinner in a lovely suburban home. The appointments were of the finest, but the father was sipping a choice wine. One of his sons about ten years of age took a glass and began to drink the wine. Immediately his father rebuked him, told him to leave it alone, and then proceeded to take another drink from his wineglass. Is it strange that his son became a steady drinker and on occasions drank heavily?

I have often declared there are three major parties in the U. S.: the Republican Party, the Democratic Party, and the Cocktail Party! Social drinking on the part of many parents, and often by professing Christians has not only placed temptation before our children, but has led to the downfall of many.

Why do some churches and ecclesiastical meetings have to designate their refreshment lounge as a "Bar" of one kind or another? Walter Winchell recently spoke of "the children's bars" in most of New York's big stores. He called them "pop-tail" bars. It all helps the children to become accustomed to drinking at bars.

Nearly every week, one reads in his daily paper of high school girls and boys meeting in one of their respectable homes, with parents absent on their own pleasure bent, with what result—a drinking orgy with all that accompanies it.

Too many parents instead of supplying wholesome substitutes and natural, wise oversight, expose their young people to even more attractive temptation. A prominent citizen of my own city permitted his daughter to go to society cocktail parties at the leading hotel in order to keep her away from undesirable night clubs elsewhere. Liquor affects people the same, whether in a mansion or a hovel.

Church men and women should be complete abstainers from intoxicating liquors. They should not partake of nor serve such liquors.

When invited to drink at a social gathering, at a wedding, on a train or in a club, or anywhere, I follow a certain technique. I always thank the person for the offer of hospitality, but immediately say: "I never touch intoxicating liquors, but I will drink to the bride's health or join in the toast or the social fellowship, if you will bring me a glass of good, cold water, with plenty of ice in it!"

And in scores of instances over the years, I have had prompt acquiescence to my request, and often it has opened the way for a constructive talk regarding drinking, and an entree spiritually to the deeper needs of the soul.

If some parents and young people think it's "smart" to drink, there is a large and growing number who know it is "smarter" not to drink!

Every person has the responsibility of example; every Christian has the inescapable obligation of example.

Let us be total abstainers for the children's sake, but not killjoys—or gloomy Christians. Rather let us be "intoxicated" with the Spirit, and show forth the joy, the lift, and the power of a good happy life.

Program Suggestions

Add the "Mother's Day touch" to the program by distributing quotations on *Home* or *Mother*, to be read aloud.

Remembering that blessed *memories* are the most precious things parents can bequeath to their children, ask several to prepare to tell briefly one memory of their happy home life. Do you suppose homes in these other lands are as precious to the "grown-up children" there?

Highlight the articles about children and homes in our mission lands (with supplementary material of your own choosing), letting them lead into a general discussion of questions such as:

What are the universal characteristics of children? What are their basic needs? Where are these needs being met adequately by parents and others? Are any/all children in America receiving the ideal training today? How can families in a community help one another to rear in a Christ-like way *all* children within the community? Compare your home problems with those of Ethiopian, Sudanese, Egyptian, Indian and Pakistani parents. What can you do to encourage family-altar families in your congregation? What are profitable vacation experiences parents and children can do together?

Topic 3, "Sobriety—for Their Sakes" merits serious thinking together. An abundance of free and low-priced Temperance literature is available from Literature Dept. You may want to sponsor production of such children's plays as "The Wise Bunnies" (for Grade 5), and "The Sparkling Glass" (ages 9-14). Free, Lit. Dept.

Marsh Photograph, Inc.

Edith F. Welker, author of "Friends With All the World," at the "Autographing Party" held in her honor at the meeting of the Division of Christian Education of the NCCC, Cincinnati, Ohio, in February, 1954

Friends with All the World is the long-awaited book for teachers and parents that tells how boys and girls from three to eleven years learn to make friends with all the world at home, school and church." It is comprehensive, rich in actual experiences. Profusely illustrated. Friendship Press Publication. 167 pages. Cloth $2.75; paper $1.50. Order from U. P. Book Store, 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

ADDITIONAL HELPFUL BOOKS RECOMMENDED TO PARENTS

Your Home Can Be Christian—Donald M. Maynard	$2.00
Opening the Door for God—Herman J. Sweet	1.50
The Faith of Our Children—Mary Alice Jones	1.50
There's No Place Like Home—James Lee Ellenwood	2.50
When Children Ask—Margaret Bro	2.00
Opening Doors of Faith—Mildred Edwards (Pre-school)	1.00
Together With God—Elizabeth B. Jones (Children 6 to 8)	1.00
In Favor with God and Man—Kathryn B. Peck (Children 9 to 11)	1.00
Your Teen-Ager and You—Audrey J. Williamson	1.00
Our Family Grows Toward God—Mary Clemens Odell	.50
Our Little Child Faces Life—Mary Clemens Odell	.50
Teaching Religion in the Home—George and Ruth Brown	.75
Enjoying the Bible at Home—Anna Laura Gebhard	.50
Our Children and God—Mrs. Clarence H. Hamilton	2.50
Your Best Friends Are Your Children—Benedict and Franklin	3.00
Security for Young Children—Elizabeth W. Campbell	1.25
The Family Pleasure Chest—Eisenbergs	1.25
Your Child and God—Robbie Trent	1.75

(Order all of these books from U.P. Book Store, 209 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.)

She Flunked

By MRS. LILLIAN OYLER, Freeport, Pa., Former Missionary to the South Sudan

AKOT was supposed to be hoeing in a patch of beans near the path which crossed the compound of Doleib Hill mission station in the southern Sudan. It was a path wide enough so that two people could walk side by side, and it led from the village south of the mission to the first village to the north, and in this village Akot and her parents lived.

Akot needed the money she would receive for a week of hoeing because she wanted to buy some beads to make necklaces, and if possible enough wire to make a new anklet.

Besides her financial worries her friend, Nyikango, who hoed beside her, had a cousin by the name of Awuk, and Nyikango said she was certain that Awuk was passing by during the day because he had a sheep he was taking to her father as a gift. Between the beads and the gift it seemed impossible for Akot to concentrate on her hoeing. Twice she had hoed down some hills of beans, and once she almost hit her big toe on the right foot so intent was she, listening to the gossip Nyikango had heard in the village about Awuk.

"Who is Awuk?" innocently asked Akot. "Why should he give my father a sheep? Does the sheep belong to an enemy of my father's, and he seeks peace by sending Awuk as a go-between?"

"Do you mean you have lived so close to Awuk's village and have never heard of him?" replied Nyikango. "Is the one who herds the cattle of the foreigners (missionaries) so red (young or immature) you have failed to see him as he watched them out on the plain?"

"Oh, that one!" interrupted Akot. "Now why is he giving my father a sheep?"

"Your head has many words and much talk in it, but all you know about Ku has not yet been told by you. Surely your insides (Akot's heart) have told you that Awuk's eyes are getting hotter and hotter, and redder and redder and redder, because he seeks to make you his wife," Nyikango flung at her, pretending to be angry.

Akot was aware what her friend was saying was true, but, according to tribal custom, she pretended that she knew nothing about the state of affairs. For months she had been suspicious, but since yesterday she was positive that Awuk's eyes were red because he wanted to marry her.

Akot's mother had been away visiting relatives in a distant village, and on her way home yesterday she had seen Awuk approaching her from the mission compound. Since it was the Day of God (the Sabbath) she surmised correctly that Awuk had gone to the House of God (the church) to hear and be taught talk from the Paper of God (the Bible). Said she to herself, "His feet are taking him to the grass on the plain where the foreigners' cows are being watched by other boys while he was away."

Akot's mother knew during the last dry season (October to April) Awuk had had the Water of God put on his head. (He was baptized.) In the next moon (month) his wife-to-be had been taken by the evil wind. (She died of small-pox.) Everyone knew, of course, that this hot talk (disaster) had fallen upon his head because he was baptized.

Seeing Awuk approaching her, Akot's mother thought this was indeed the right time to ask him if he believed all this talk. She also wanted to know if the girl's father had returned all the beads and cloth and hoes and sheep and spears and cattle Awuk had paid as his dowry.

Suddenly, while Awuk was still a quarter of a mile away he recognized

her. Away he sped, making a wide detour around her, his shoulders drooping, his head turned away from her.

"Ah," thought Akot's mother, "so this is the feet of the talk. Are Awuk's eyes becoming hot for my child, and so he treats me as his mother-in-law, running far from me into the grass instead of meeting me in the path?"

Hastening home she called Akot who was preparing kaffir corn mush in the house of cooking. (One of two circular, mud-walled, grass-thatched huts usually occupied by a family of the Shulla tribe, the second hut being used for sleeping purposes.)

"Come, my child," she said. "My journey is ended, and I bring much news. Set the cooking pot on the earth and come into the sleeping house to hear my talk. The tail of it is very hot." (Her last adventure, Awuk's actions, was exciting, therefore she wanted to discuss it first.)

The big earthen pot of kaffir corn mush had ample time to cool before Akot's father and a visiting friend arrived. Impatiently he called to his women folks, saying that they were dying of hunger (they were very hungry).

The women heard him the first time he called but they took no heed, and the second time they did not respond. At the third call they knew it was high time to obey because his face would be black with anger. Rushing from the sleeping hut, expecting to set the pot of food before the men, they knew they deserved a tongue-lashing. Unexpectedly a little boy dashed in through the small opening in the cornstalk fence which enclosed the two houses and announced that a visitor was approaching. His appearance was like Nyibek, the brother of Awuk who herded the mission cows.

It was indeed Awuk's brother, and he had come to tell Akot's father that Awuk would arrive the next day. With him he would bring a small present, one which was so small that it could scarcely be seen by a man so great and so powerful as Akot's father. (To belittle a gift is a common custom among the Shullas.)

While the men were talking Akot and her mother were supposed to be out of ear-shot, but they remained close enough so that they heard every word. Thus they knew that the mother's guess had been correct. Awuk's intentions were for marriage, and Nyibek, his brother, was his go-between.

Came the first work day (Monday) and Akot and Awuk's cousin were among a dozen girls who were hired to hoe in the mission garden. Up one row and down another went the girls, squatting as they hoed. Like Akot, Nyikango had listening ears, therefore she already knew that Awuk was making his first call that day on Akot's father, and he was taking a big sheep which he had coaxed Nyibek to give him. As a sort of promissory note he turned over to his brother two of his best spears until the price of the sheep had been paid.

Strangely neither girl saw Awuk approaching, and they jumped when they heard a sheep bleating near them. Akot kept on hoeing, but Nyikango, raising up from her squatting position, grinning broadly as she did so, twitted Awuk by saying, "So you are traveling today. Now where did you get that strange-looking dog which walks behind you? And where do you take him?"

"My feet are taking me to the village of the girl who hoes beside you. The sheep is to be given to her father. If the talk is sweet (if Akot's father proved willing) then this girl will come to my house some day as my wife."

Tethering his sheep to a Doleib palm tree Awuk sat down in the path. Meanwhile Nyikango slipped away to the nearby Sobat river, presumably to get a drink.

Akot kept on hoeing, keeping her eyes turned away from Awuk and the fine sheep he was watching carefully. Half an hour passed and not

a word was said. Finally Akot shyly asked, "Are the words of Nyikango true? And did you mean what you said just now? Are you truly seeking my father's consent to marry me?"

"My eyes have watched you for many moons," replied Awuk, "but my voice refused to talk because no sheep or cattle were in my hands." (He was afraid to speak to Akot's father he had little to pay as dowry.)

Said Akot, "Ha, if my father's talk becomes hot ask him some day if he has forgotten that a daughter who fails in her cooking test is not sought like one who really knows how to cook."

There was no need for Akot to tell the story of her failure because every one knew the feet of the talk. That piece of news had traveled far and wide.

Only one question did Ku ask her, "Did you fail in your test because your spirit died within you?"

"Awa," (yes), why should I marry a man who was like a grandfather to me? He was about to die, and then I would have been inherited by his evil son. He who was locked in a strong house by the foreigners," was Akot's answer. (This old man, who had three wives, did not live long after he tried to marry Akot. Had he succeeded she would have been inherited by his son, who later was imprisoned by the British commandant.)

Awuk had much to think about as he continued on his way to Akot's village. He had suspicioned that Akot had deliberately failed in her cooking test because she did not choose to be the wife of such an old man, and now he knew the truth. "Surely," he said to himself, "she must have known if the old men of the village did not like the food which she was ordered to prepare for them her father's face would be black with anger, and much hot talk would descend upon her head."

Long before sundown on that fateful day every one in Akot's village and every one in the village of the spurned suitor knew what had happened. Soon the news spread throughout the length and the breadth of the Shulla country. For weeks and months her failure, and the trials she endured because she failed, were discussed over and over. "Never," said the older people, "have we known a girl so tight-lipped as Akot when she was punished."

According to Shulla custom, at a certain point in a marriage transaction the husband-to-be and one or two of his friends or relatives, also a delegation of the old men in the bride's village assemble to eat the food which the girl has been ordered to prepare for them. If the food pleases them the marriage takes place. If the bride refuses, or if she fails as Akot did, the arrangements are dropped only after she has been severely punished.

So, according to Shulla custom, Akot was told to prepare the food. Since she spurned the thought of marrying such an old man her hands were heavy, so her friends said. She burned the food badly before it was half-cooked. Besides, she had failed to add to the mush some bits of crocodile meat which some one had given her father the day before.

All the men at the test were hungry. After taking one bite of the food they refused to eat any more. More than that, each one soon left for his own house instead of remaining to visit for awhile with Akot's father.

So angry was he that he beat his daughter severely, but not a moan escaped from her lips. A day later she was taken to the river and tied in a net some one had bought from an Arab trader, and was pushed into the water until it covered her head, then was dragged out. Three times this was done, but Akot remained silent. The third trial came at sundown on the third day after the cooking test. This time she was tied down on a big ant hill. The ants swarmed over her, biting her unmercifully—and for the third time she was silent.

No one knew how long she might have been left on this ant hill if the chief of the village had not returned from a trip to the military station at Malakal sooner than he was expected. Hearing the commotion he came at once out into the field. Indeed, he came before he had eaten, even though he was dying of hunger because none of his friends had offered him food while he was in Malakal. Angrily he strode up to Akot's father and commanded him to release her at once. "Are you taking her life," he shouted, "and do you want the big man (the British commandant) to come and cast you into prison?"

Glaring fiercely at the chief but not daring to answer him, Akot's father released her. Weak from her ordeal, but strong in spirit, she was led home by the women of her village. Not a word was said as they trudged home single file, but deep down in her heart Akot knew that they felt sorry for her.

On the day that Akot and Awuk had their first long conversation—the day she hoed the beans—it was well that she had advised him to be careful because her father was truly a shrewd bargainer. Awuk soon discovered that the man was determined to get as many sheep and cattle as he could extract from him, and to give no reduction because Akot had failed in her cooking test.

Almost two years passed and there came a day when Awuk was so disgusted with their financial dealings that they almost had a club fight to settle matters. Just in time he remembered that he had been baptized, and had promised to walk in the path of Jesus.

Abruptly he left Akot's father, and on the way home he stopped to discuss his troubles and ask advice from his missionary friend. With him he had a bundle of very short sticks, each one representing something Akot's father had insisted on receiving. One stick was for the first sheep he had given him; another was for a cow which had only one horn, but she had only last month produced a calf; a third stick reminded him that he had given Akot's father a long piece of unbleached muslin, which was worn on special occasions after it was dyed with brick dust, two of the corners being tied together on his left shoulder. So Awuk could account for every stick save one, and it bothered him. As he told his missionary friend what each stick represented he laid it carefully on the earth before him.

Dejectedly he went home after having tied the sticks carefully together, using wild asparagus root for a cord. The mystery was not solved. He could not remember what the last stick represented!

During the night, just after his rooster had crowed twice, it suddenly occurred to Awuk that he had bought a small bag of salt (about one pound) from an Arab trader and had given it to Akot's father. "Truly," he said to himself as he tried to go back to sleep, "my friend was right when he said perhaps I would wake up and remember during the night. It was truly the great God who helped me."

Came the day when the marriage negotiations, after many, many setbacks had gone far enough that Akot was told to prepare another meal for the old men not alone from her village, but also those from Awuk's village. Not one man refused to be present, they were all eager to see what would happen.

The result? This time she passed her cooking test with flying colors! Not one morsel of the huge pots of kaffir corn mush remained when they finished eating, and they smacked their lips with appreciation.

It was during the next moon that Akot went to Awuk's village to live. As the days and the months and the years passed she began slowly, very slowly, to understand the "talk of God" as her husband taught her, and as she heard it from their missionary friend. Together, more than a quarter of a century ago, they built not a house, but a home—another home in awakening Africa.

In The Land Of My Dreams

By STANLEY LUKE, Professor of Mathematics, Gordon College, now studying at Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Oh sing unto the Lord a new song
For He hath done marvellous things.
He hath remembered his loving kindness
And his faithfulness toward the house of Israel."

The above quoted words of our Lord are true for the church in Pakistan as a whole but particularly the Lord has done wonderful things for me. Imagine a boy whose father died when he was only eight years old. His mother was not trained to take care of three children (rather four, because my youngest brother died a year or so after my father's death.) Relatives helped, but when I passed my sixth grade, some wanted me to become a tailor; others when I was through my high school wanted me to go to the army—the Lord wanted me to teach in Gordon College, Rawalpindi.

Stanley Luke

Yes, Christian friends, God has mysterious ways of doing things. Through the help of God, our beloved "Baha" R. A. Foster, and my kind and devoted spiritual parents and friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cummings, I am what I am today.

At the age of 27, the Lord has provided me opportunities to attend two World Conferences. In December, 1952, I represented the U.P. Church of Pakistan at the World Conference of Christian Youth held in Kotayam, Travancore, India. I have been nominated Youth Consultant to represent the West Pakistan Christian Council in the World Assembly of Christian Councils to take place at Evanston next August. The Lord has poured on me showers of blessings that I cannot count.

Some people who are not in touch with the mission field or mission weeklies have asked me how I happened to be here, and I answer in a very precise manner—through Christ and His people.

It was one evening in May, 1952, that I was sitting with Dr. and Mrs. Cummings in their home in Rawalpindi, and we were talking about the possibilities of my coming to America for further studies in mathematics. Before that I had tried to secure some government scholarships but was not successful because Christians who are in the minority can seldom get opportunities like that. Mrs. Cummings wrote five letters that evening and within a month a reply came from the Mt. Lebanon U.P. Church through enthusiastic and zealous Christian lay workers that its Men's 20-40 Fellowship was ready to sponsor this project. Everybody on the campus said that it was from God because in no other case had such a project been arranged so quickly. "If ye have faith nothing shall be impossible unto you." Matt. 17:20. Then I was thinking of paying my own passage, but the Board of Foreign Missions approved of the project and I was granted passage both ways.

Ever since I have come, Mt. Lebanon Church, its friendly pastors and people, have gone out of their way to make me feel at home. Friends even came to New York to receive me—what Christian love!

In August I attended the National Youth Convention in New Wilmington, and went to Camp Fairfield with young people of the Mt. Lebanon Church; the latter particularly was of great spiritual blessing to me.

Then started the school! Believe me the first few weeks were rough and terrible in the class rooms. To be a student again after four years of teaching and to sit down and study seemed to me unreal. The different environment, different approach to the subjects, and different methods of teaching and the fact that I was

not in contact with the higher mathematics while teaching in Gordon College led me to frustration and fear. At the same time separation of the family also came in. Often the thought ran into my mind and I said to myself, "Imagine the amount of money spent on me; my family is suffering the pangs of separation, and if I don't do well, what would the people say?" Every day I took this matter to my Lord in my prayer and quiet hour and one day this verse came to strengthen me, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Phil. 4:13. Gradually I began to feel confidence in the books. In mid-semester examinations I made a "B" average. I have just finished final exams for the semester, and with one exception I have done well. I have taken four courses in higher mathematics, and I hope to earn my Master's degree in June. It goes without saying how important and useful this training of mine will be to Gordon College. There is a dearth of teachers of mathematics in Pakistan and particularly of applied mathematics, the subjects I have taken here.

In October and November on week ends I had the privilege of going to various churches and speaking. I enjoyed the Christian fellowship. Besides learning math, I am keeping my eyes open to see how the churches are run, how the various organizations of the church work. All these things I do hope and pray will be an asset to the field. Youth in the church of Pakistan has been neglected and the lay leadership has not been encouraged until recently when the Church has realized the importance of lay men and women in the church.

I have met several retired missionaries. It was a pleasure to compare notes with them. When I see what sacrifices the missionaries have to make when they leave their country, I am filled with enthusiasm and zeal to go back and tell the young people that it is time that they should be grateful to God and His people for the wonderful work carried out by them, and that they should pay tribute to this work by being more useful and active in God's work.

In December I attended a conference on missionary institutions abroad at Buck Hill Falls that was a great source of help. There I faced challenging questions such as, "Are we doing the will of God in our institutions? If not, where do we lack? Are we Christian teachers living a Christian life whereby our students

Shirin Luke, infant daughter of Stanley Luke, was born in July, 1953, one week after her "Daddy" had come to America

are led to Christ through us or are we a hindrance instead?" So I say this conference at that beautiful spot was an incentive and heart searching for me. May God give me power to do His will when I go back!

I have initiated four or five families of the Mt. Lebanon Church to Pakistani hot curry dinner. Please don't tell my wife; otherwise I will have to cook when I go back!

Then during Christmas, it was a new experience for me. Those lovely decorations, cute figures of Santa Claus (whom I have likened to Sikhs, a tribe in India who don't cut their hair and keep long beards that look like Santa), trimming the Christmas tree at the Nobles, and a big turkey dinner will ever be sharp in my memory.

During my stay of six months in Pittsburgh so many kindnesses have been shown to me by my friends that it would be futile to attempt to describe them in this article.

I have lived for a number of years

among American friends, but it is in America that I have come to know them really well. They say "Punjabis" are very hospitable but I have found Americans no less in that respect. In fact I have not felt a stranger in any home and some of my friends have remarked about it too. In every home I enjoy the children. What a wonderful fellowship in Jesus! We can belong to distant lands, different countries and communities but in Him we are one!

In September one big event was the wedding of my very close friend, Mr. R. E. Noble, Jr. It was the loveliest wedding I have ever seen, and the first one in America. When Bob was a short-term missionary in Gordon College, we spent much time together, and I used to kid him about my coming to the States. He would say confidently, "Who knows whether you might some day?" Then I would say, "Well, if at all I come, I am going to stay with your parents," and it turned out exactly that way. I stayed a month with them before school started. I cannot help putting down the excellent treatment Mr. and Mrs. Noble gave to me. I call them "Dad and Mother," and they like it, too. I don't think Mrs. Noble makes any distinction between Bob and me.

During my stay here in one of the dormitories of Carnegie Tech, I have come across many interesting students. As most of the students are scientists (In my opinion science should not lead people away from God) they don't believe in God. If they believe at all, they are theist and don't believe that Christianity is unique. They tell me that there is no use of converting people to the religion you have, and I politely and humorously tell them the difference between Christianity and other religions, and they shake their heads.

So my prayer for the land of my dreams is that many more people be the kind that I have met in the Churches. Peace in the world can come only through Christ and the leadership of the world is in the hands of America. So America cannot afford to go away from God.

Here ends the story of my coming to the land of my dreams and my stay in it for six months. Now the next spring semester is ahead of me, and I pray and want you also to pray for me that God may give me strength and power to work so that I can finish my studies and go back and use all this knowledge for His Glory.

A scene in the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Schreiner on New Year's Eve. Left to right: Stanley Luke, Mrs. J. C. Heinrich, former missionary to Pakistan, and Mrs. Schreiner, daughter of Mrs. Heinrich, born in Rawalpindi. They are enjoying following Mr. Luke's instructions in making curry and pilau to serve to their guests, Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Weisiger, pastor of Mt. Lebanon U. P. Church

What Mary Wanted

Released by American Bible Society, Bible House, New York

A LITTLE more than a century and a half ago, a girl's craving for her own Bible opened a new field of Christian endeavor which has had no parallel in history.

Then — as now — millions were without the Word of God. But little Mary Jones, daughter of a Welsh weaver, did not think of the problems of millions. She knew only that she wanted a Bible as her own and that it was her own personal problem.

The story of Mary, and how she got her Bible, is one of the most heart-warming tales of faith. First she had to learn to read, then spend six years' saving. When at last she had accumulated enough for her purchase, Mary trudged barefoot for 25 miles to learn that Bibles no longer were being published in her native Welsh and that none was obtainable.

It was the Reverend Thomas Charles, of the village of Bala, in Wales, who gave the girl her Book in the year 1800. From that small incident in a remote hamlet, sprang a movement which has seen the publication and distribution of more than 1,200,000,000 copies of the Scriptures in more than 900 languages and dialects.

To the minister it had been evident for years that the supply of Bibles for the Welsh people had been pitifully inadequate and every effort to get more had fallen upon agencies already overburdened with other duties or had resulted in prices too high for the scanty means of the people.

In that same year 1800, an edition of 10,000 Bibles was exhausted in four months and whole districts failed to receive any. Two years later, Mr. Charles tentatively suggested to some friends on a committee of a Religious Tract Society his idea for a new Society. The society would supply Scriptures for the people of Wales.

The idea caught fire. The alert mind of Joseph Hughes saw its possibilities. "If for Wales, why not for the kingdom? Why not for the world?" Why not, indeed?

On March 7, 1804, the British a Foreign Bible Society was launched. One hundred and fifty years later, people of at least 60 nations will commemorate the historic event. There are now 24 national Bible societies, all joined in the United Bible Societies and they are currently distributing 20,000,000 volumes of Scriptures each year.

Other Christian organizations, in Britain and Germany, had undertaken some responsibility for Scripture supply prior to 1804, but they had only signaled the coming event. With rare foresight, the British committee realized it could not accomplish its task alone. Representatives were dispatched to other countries in Europe and America and 48 Bible societies grew in the next 12 years.

In America, the first Bible society was formed in Philadelphia in 1808 and a hundred others followed quickly, until, in 1818, a national body, the American Bible Society was established. Today, the American society provides more than half of the total world distribution.

The entire year of 1954 will be a year of observance but five dates will have special significance.

On Saturday, March 6, children in Britain will attend a giant "birthday" meeting in Royal Festival Hall, London. The Lord Mayor of London will officiate and cut a tremendous birthday cake. Funds which children have contributed for the distribution of Scriptures and signatures of the World Goodwill Book will be collected.

This story of Mary Jones has been told and retold many times. Because it demonstrates that not only do "Children Follow" by that "Children Lead" also in many good causes, a special request was made to the American Bible Society to use the story in this issue of "Missionary Horizons."

On May 5, two great mass meetings will take place. The first, a morning meeting, will be held in Westminster Central Hall. The evening meeting is scheduled for the Royal Albert Hall. Delegations from Bible societies will be present.

On May 14, a jubilee concert, commemorating the anniversary, will be given by the London Symphony Orchestra, with Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting, in Royal Festival Hall.

On June 16, a Women's Rally will take place at Westminster Central Hall.

On December 4, special anniversary and thanksgiving services will be conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Although the jubilee year will be observed with proper appreciation and thanksgiving for the accomplishments of the past, it is also a period for serious reflection on the work still to be done. Hundreds of millions of people are still without their copies of the Scriptures and the number grows greater, rather than less, each year.

Despite the amazing record of twenty million copies distributed in 1953, the total did not even keep up with the birth rate—much less keep up with the needs of replacements and the needs of the newly literate. In the year 1953, twenty-five millions were added to the earth's population while only twenty millions of Scripture copies were being distributed by the societies.

The first aim of the societies will be to increase distribution during 1954 to 25,000,000 copies, a total designed to keep pace with the birth rate. By 1960, it is hoped that 50,000,000 copies will be distributed annually.

The second goal is to bring about a mass statement of faith in the Scriptures—the greatest mass statement in human history. All who believe in sharing their Scriptures with those who want a copy of the Word of God—as Mary Jones wanted her copy — will be asked to sign their names in a World Good Will Book, as a testimony to their love for the Bible, their faith in its teachings and their desire to share it with others.

Throughout the world, in remote villages and giant cities, people will sign the book.

To Mary Jones, sobbing before the Rev. Thomas Charles, it was small comfort that a copy of the Bible was available in English. She could read only Welsh. A century and a half later, as whole nations become suddenly literate and as the art of printing explores new horizons, the goal, "To each in his own tongue," becomes a realizable accomplishment, and 1954 becomes a year of rededication.

Eskimo children at a home maintained by the U. S. Department of the Interior in Wrangell, Alaska, display copies of the New Testament given them by the American Bible Society

Impressions Of Egypt's Centennial

By MRS. HOWARD BUCHANAN, a Visitor

WHAT a wonderful privilege it has been for me to attend the Centennial sessions of the Egyptian Association, January 2-9. I want to share with you a few impressions.

Assiut College campus in winter, with the green of the lawns, the waving of the palm trees and the abundance of flowers, was a perfect setting, and weather was ideal. The faculties of the College and Pressly Memorial Institute went "all out" to be perfect hosts.

Sessions met in Taggart Library, where the room was decorated with potted palms and fresh roses in abundance daily. The floor was covered with Oriental rugs, and we enjoyed the cheer of a blazing fireplace to take off the chill. It was eminently fitting that Dr. Davida Finney should be elected President, one reason being that her parents were among those we were honoring during this Centennial celebration.

Mrs. Harry Hutchison presided at the opening session, as chairman of the Centennial committee. As we rose to sing "O God our Help in Ages Past," every heart was fairly bursting with joy and thanksgiving. Numerous cables and telegrams of congratulation from churches and other Missions and Boards made us realize we were not alone in this joy.

We heard the story of our one hundred years, as it was reviewed by twenty-five-year periods—from early beginnings, with no equipment and small personnel, to the present, with higher institutions, hospitals with chaplains, nurses' training classes, audio-visual aids, and churches organized into a Synod, with conferences and caravaning.

The Communion Service on Sabbath was very impressive. Rev. Willis McGill spoke on "What is this Sacrament?" and explained it in terms understood by the six young boys who were uniting with the church. Four of these were third generation "M.K.'s". Dr. Earl Elder, who retires this year, conducted the Lord's Supper.

Dr. Davida M. Finney
President of Centennial Association

In the evening we assembled at the P.M.I. chapel to hear Dr. Elder preach on "The Life-Giving River." The choir of thirty young men and women, all serving in Egypt as either full-time or short-term missionaries, gave a magnificent rendition of Gounod's "Send Out Thy Light" under the capable direction of Mary Lu Perkins of The Cairo Girls' College. Ten of the thirty were "M.K.'s".

The Centennial theme was kept ever before us in the daily devotions as we were led by Dr. Ralph McLaughlin. He used "A Cloud of Witnesses" as the basis of his talks. From "a little cloud like a man's hand" in 1854, when Drs. McCague and Barnett arrived in Egypt, through the "spreading of the clouds", with persecution, sickness

Mrs. Buchanan had served in Egypt from 1921 to 1926. She is visiting her daughter, Mrs. James W. Pollock, an M.K. who became a missionary.

and financial difficulties, through the years of encouragement, to the challenge of today with a forward look, and hope of the extension of the church on earth, we were reminded of God's plan for this land.

At evening prayers Miss May Hogg gave us appropriate scripture and stories from the life of her father, "The Master Builder on the Nile."

The annual concert proved there is no dearth of musical talent in the Mission. One would go far to hear a more delightful performance.

We all looked forward to the night of the pageant, which was the climax. Under the capable supervision of Mrs. Hutchison, we saw depicted in tableau, with script, some eighteen scenes from 1854 to the present. The period costuming, complete even to the color and shape of the men's beards, gave us a perfect picture throughout the years.

The last scene was a procession of the missionary children in 1954, and was led by Miss Rena Hogg, now eighty-six years old but able to enjoy the evening program, and including some twenty-five or thirty others of various ages.

Business sessions were full, strenuous and most informative. I learned that a total of 838 career and short-term missionaries have served through the century, but at present the roll is sixty-six, just half the number there were in 1924. The need for new recruits in every department and institution was ever before us, and a real emergency exists in this respect. There is no one to fill the places of those retiring, Dr. and Mrs. Elder, Dr. and Mrs. Hutchison, Ethel Weed and Esther Wilson.

As I listened to their farewell speeches, I agreed with Dr. Hutchison, that if I were to live my life over again, I could find no place where I could have such a host of loving friends as co-workers, and a greater opportunity to serve my Lord. Throughout this century these faithful servants have helped God fulfil the prophecy in a real and vital way, "The Lord shall be made known in Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord."

Impressions of an M. K. Missionary

By REV. JOHN G. LORIMER, Cairo, Egypt

DR. E. E. ELDER preached on Sabbath, January 3, in Assiut, Egypt, on the event of the Centennial Association of the Egyptian Mission. His subject was, "The Life-Giving River." He drew the parallel between a river and the spreading, life-giving influence of the corporate church. I am sure that I was not the only one impressed with that as a fitting comparison, especially as applied to the life of the church on the mission field. It does not stretch a point to say that the missionary enterprise has reproduced within itself wherever it has gone that peculiar family-like oneness which distinguished the earliest Christian church. This is not to presume that modern missions have as sweepingly conquered a hostile world as did the Apostolic fathers. That would be to use our fondest hopes to hide some unhappy realities. But it is to say that where a company large or small endeavors in one place with sincerity and like-mindedness to fulfill a single purpose, and when that purpose is a holy one — that company enjoys an inner relationship which is unique in the life of man.

The child of missionaries I can only look at this situation from the inside-out, and hope that those who read will try to be objective for me. In actual fact missionaries beget missionaries. The final scene in the centennial pageant presented at Asso-

ciation showed a stage full of missionary children from 86-year-old Miss Rena Hogg down to four-month-old Tommy Morrison. But more significant than the fact that missionaries have children is that their children often become missionaries. There are 18 second-generation missionaries in Egypt today with one more to come out in the fall. And this phenomenon reproduces itself wherever you look in foreign mission work. It is looked on with suspicion in some quarters as a sort of dynastic in-breeding with all the attendant problems. Yet so far as one can tell, looking at the Egyptian field most of the predicted difficulties have not as yet materialized. In fact some of the most energetic and forward-looking of our missionaries in Egypt are second-generation — as witness the work of Willis McGill and Davida Finney to name but two. Miss Rena Hogg whose life almost spans the full century of Egyptian work amazes us all with her penetrating and advanced thinking.

In addition to the fact that missionaries reproduce missionaries on the physical level the family aspects of all missionary life is just as real and tangible as if there existed actual blood ties. That all missionary children grow up calling colleagues of their parents "aunt" and "uncle" is an indication of the kind of bond which exists. It struck me especially as we said bookbye to six of our retiring missionaries this Association. Four in particular were those who had done the most outstanding work —the Hutchisons and the Elders. In any other situation especially in the States their retirement would have received lengthy treatment in the press not to mention dinners, receptions, and speeches ad nauseum. Instead, half an hour was set aside out of the Association agenda in which brief tributes were read and even briefer replies given by those retiring. Finally the four women were given corsages. Rather than indicating superficiality and lack of concern this very limited goodbye reminded me of the kind of goodbye which is made necessary by the closeness of the bond and the depth of feeling in any family. It was like the quiet final handclasp which speaks the volumes that cannot be uttered.

The varieties of temperament and personality, the marked and sharp differences of opinion, rather than proving the contrary, only make the mission seem that much more like a family. No matter how much we may disagree we cannot finally separate ourselves from one another and that is equally true for the many who have had to give up the work for other reasons. It was the same inner prompting which sent us all out, as though on coming of age we had suddenly discovered within ourselves the peculiar marks of the tribe and knew then that we could not live apart from it. This is not to say that we are better people. I do not believe that saints come along in this profession much more frequently than they do in any other.

It would be difficult to separate out those special qualities which make a missionary. We are not necessarily more pious or more faithful. In fact as often as not our peculiarities are heightened on the field. We do not necessarily have more vision or courage. But we all want urgently and, at times pathetically, to do a certain task. We regret all the limitations of the situation, the failure to get done what we want done because of external pressures or the lack of funds or our own shortsightedness or inability. We rail within ourselves and openly to our companions at the repeated frustrations. We are hurt because our best efforts are not praised and our poorest efforts are not excused. If there are some ambitions which we have been willing to give up in order to get this work done those ambitions have a way of regrouping themselves and working their way back into our lives in other more subtle forms.

Let it be understood that missionaries are the most human of human

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"I'm Going To Be A Missionary"

by MRS. H. G. E., Reynoldsburg, Ohio

Little six-year-old Roxy was trailing her mother all through the house, and coaxing her, "Mother, please let me sit in the parlor this afternoon when those girls come whom you've invited. I'll be *so* good, and not act up badly! Please!"

Mrs. Martin, the preacher's wife, had invited about a dozen or more girls of the congregation to come to the parsonage. She wanted *to tell them something!*

These girls were the age of Roxy's older sister, Maud — and they, too, were wondering what Mrs. Martin wanted to tell them. They knew of, and had experienced, some fine suppers and banquets that their new preacher's wife had given a few weeks before.

Mrs. Martin finally consented to Roxy's request. When the girls arrived, and were all seated in the parlor, Roxy, too, was there, ensconced in her little low rocker. The younger sisters and little brother were out playing in the apple and peach orchards that surrounded the pleasant parsonage.

Mrs. Martin began talking: "Girls, you will be surprised at what I am about to tell you—that I am shaking with nervousness—(her voice trembled)—but I want to tell you that when I was young, women or girls did not have meetings where I grew up: I never knew how to pray in public as some of your mothers know how to make such wonderful prayers in the older women's society. And now, as your minister's wife, you don't know how I suffer when called on to make a prayer or to make remarks.

She was almost in tears, and the girls were overcome with pity for her as she tried to express the agony of her feelings. They loved her — she was so sweet and pretty and humble.

One of the girls said, "How can we help? What do you want us to do?"

She answered, "That is why I have asked you to come here. I hope you girls will never have to suffer and be as humiliated as I have been. Begin while you are young! I want you to start a Girls' Missionary Society—every one of you practice praying in your meetings. Learn about the needs of our missionaries. Some of you will become preachers' wives—or perhaps some of you will feel called to be a missionary."

"*I'm* going to be a missionary! I am going to be a missionary!" spoke up Roxy—trying to respond to her mother's impassioned appeal.

"Oh, hush up!" her older sister Maud said. "You never can be a missionary. You have to go to school and graduate here from high school, and then you have to go to college, years before you can be a missionary!"

"But, I am going to be a missionary," reiterated Roxy.

Her mother answered with a smile and said, "Yes, Roxy dear. We know you would be a missionary, if God wants you to be."

Mrs. Martin was persistent about this Girls' Missionary Society.

"To continue," she said, "You must have officers and settle on a place for you to meet, and how often—and what work for the missionaries you can do — and how you can make money, for none of you, but one, has a regular money-making job."

The girls were entering into the spirit of the work, and getting quite excited thinking what they might do.

All the while, Roxy, rocking in her chair as fast as she could, was saying

(*Continued on Page* 492)

What a wonderful illustration of the influence of early child training! The story is true. Roxy Martin was only six when she began her life-long dedication to Christ's Great Commission.

Editorials

Good Morning Today

They Seem to Say

"To make homes,
that is what we are all here for.
For the home
makes the town,
the town makes the city,
the city makes the country.
He who makes the home makes the world.
After all,
though men and women make homes,
it is the homes which make men and women.
Whether religion is possible or impossible,
All depends upon the home."

Perky, mischievous, jolly little pansies—how like children's faces! Pansies are lovely, brightening thoughts from God; so are little children.

I can think of no happier privilege than that of standing each Sabbath morning before a group of little children. How eagerly they look up, ready to share in whatever may be suggested, be it a new song, simple prayers, a short verse from the Bible, or a project they have helped to plan. Children follow!

"When a wrong wants righting, or a truth wants presenting, or a continent wants opening, God sends a baby into the world to do it." Who can tell what noble men and women are being molded for future usefulness among the 30,000,000 children and young people enrolled in America's Church Schools?

Mother's Day is the most important Maytime "special day" at church. As far as sentiment is concerned, almost any of the readers of *Missionary Horizons* might have written the following poetic words about his or her own mother. They have come to me, "Author Unknown," but are somebody's worthy attempt to pay tribute to a worthy mother.

MY MOTHER

"If I were asked to give a thought which in one word would speak
A unity of brotherhood, a sympathy complete,
A hundred happy cheery ways, a mind that knows its own,
Contented midst a throng of folk, yet peaceful when alone,
A heart that sheds its silent glow, to brighten many another,
Without a moment of delay, I'd say, "You mean my mother."

Neither do we forget the influence of noble Christian fathers. The theme for Family Week from May 2-9, 1954 is "A Troubled World Needs Christian Families." More true that we may wish to face realistically is the slogan, "If we would save America we must save the children." And we must save them now!

5 new subscriptions—$6.00
All renewals—$1.50 each

SPECIAL CLUB-RATE OFFER

Two specific facts must be remembered concerning the annual club-rate offer for subscriptions to *Missionary Horizons*:

1. Offer is for three months only, April, May, and June! Send only during that time.
2. Club rate is for *new* subscriptions only! The purpose is obviously to introduce the magazine to men, women and young people who have not been reading it. It is impossible to accept renewals at this low rate.

PROJECT FOR A PIONEER

Time marches on! How often and how lightly we use that expression, giving very little thought to the significance of changes which passing years bring to a great work, especially in our Master's Kingdom.

Many years have marched along since October of 1909, when Miss Bertha Houston, a young woman from New Wilmington, Pa., answered God's call to full-time service, and went to Frenchburg, Kentucky as a pioneer missionary for the Women's Board. This work was started after a plea had come to the Board from the poorest county in Kentucky, that it establish a High School; and was made possible by the gift of labor, some cash, and a five-acre plot by the people, and a special "dime Thank Offering" presented at the 1908 Convention. The passing of those years has not dimmed the memory of this one who faithfully served as a teacher and "jack of all trades" as many missionaries have to do. Today, Miss Houston can recall many interesting experiences of her first year there, when she also was carpenter, doctor, and preacher.

An abandoned little white frame church building was the scene of this beginning. Miss Houston's first work was the organization of a Junior Missionary Society of twenty children, teaching a day school and conducting church services. Later, sixty acres of land were bought and a combination school and residence built. She was joined by another teacher, Miss Emma Blackwood, when school opened in September 1910, with Mr. Brainerd Jamison as pastor-principal, and Mrs. J. C. Alter as house mother. The first year's enrollment was sixty-seven.

What a firm foundation she and these other missionaries laid for the many faithful workers to build upon in the years since then. And what changes have taken place in those years! Now, a spacious campus with many buidings for educational use, a hospital, a lovely church and parsonage comprise the Frenchburg mission.

For some thirty years Miss Houston has lived in Whittier, California, and has been a member of the United Presbyterian congregation there. As long as physically able, she was active in the missionary societies and taught a Bible class, but is now almost blind and a shut-in. She has the constant care and companionship of Miss Clara Ferguson (a former Frenchburg teacher), with whom she has made her home for many years.

In appreciation of Miss Houston's service and her friendship, the women of the Whittier church are planning to present some gift to the Frenchburg mission in her honor. The size and extent of the gift has not been decided and will, of course, depend on offerings received from her friends. It is hoped that it will be a lasting memorial, and that it can at least be well begun while she can know about it. The sponsors feel sure that her friends, relatives, and former pupils will be interested to learn of this project.

Written by *Mrs. Chester Woods* and *Mrs. Ruth Bowen*
of Whittier U.P. Church

INVITATION TO HEAR THREE MODERATORS

Members of Presbyterian and United Presbyterian Churches of Northwestern Pennsylvania will have the privilege of hearing the three moderators of the General Assemblies of the three Presbyterian churches considering union at a Rally to be held in the Masonic Cathedral in New Castle, Pa., on the evening of April 29, 1954. The local planning committee, according to information released by J. Calvin Rose, D.D., hopes to have a capacity crowd of 3,000 to hear the discussion of Dr. Frank H. Price of the Presbyterian Church, U.S., Dr. John A. Mackay of the Presbyterian, U.S.A., and Dr. Samuel C. Weir of the U.P. Church.

CALL TO PRAYER

The women of the United Presbyterian Church are urged to join in the 21st annual observance of "Prayer Around the World."

It will take place at the WGMS Convention at 9:00 A.M., Mountain Daylight Saving Time, June 11, 1954.

This hour of prayer may be observed alone or with a group, Society or Presbyterial group. The schedule on the right will assist in determining the hour for your location.

IN THE UNITED STATES

10 A.M. Eastern*
(11 A.M. Eastern DST)
9 A.M. Central*
(10 A.M. Central DST)
8 A.M. Mountain*
(9 A.M. Mountain DST)
7 A.M. Pacific*
(8 A.M. Pacific DST)

OVERSEAS

Pakistan-India	7 P.M.
Egypt	4 P.M.
Sudan	4 P.M.
Ethiopia	4 P.M.

*Refers to Standard time.

ENTERTAINMENT PLANS FOR NAMPA WGMS CONVENTION

Convention meetings at the Northwest Nazarene College, Nampa, Idaho, June 9-13, 1954

Board and room, including dinner June 9th through evening meal June 13th	$19.50
Lunch and dinner tickets for entire Convention	10.25
Single meals:	
Breakfast	.75
Lunch	1.00
Dinner	1.25

Advance reservations must be made in order to eat in the College Dining Room.

There is adequate room for all who wish to attend, either as visitors or delegates, to stay in the dormitories.

All who desire accommodations for the Convention write to Mrs. Odey Uzzel, Chairman of Registration and Assignment Committee, 1012 6th Street South, Nampa, Idaho, before April first, and enclose $2.00 registration fee.

Mrs. W. D. Millen, Publicity Chairman

ATTENTION — WGMS CONVENTION DELEGATES FOR 1954

Investigation of travel to Nampa, Idaho, shows that the rate from Pittsburgh to Nampa and return by rail is $175.76, tax included. Delegates would leave Pittsburgh June 7th at 8:10 A.M. (Standard time) and reach Chicago at 3:40 P.M. Leaving Chicago at 10:30 P.M., the train arrives at Nampa at 4:25 P.M., on June 9th. This fare includes pullman and lower berth from Chicago. It also uses an economy rate for three (or multiples of 3) travelling together.

Returning east, the train leaves Nampa at 11:20 A.M., June 14th, reaching Chicago at 7:30 A.M., June 16th and Pittsburgh at 9:35 P.M.

Air travel by Northwest Airlines to Spokane, Washington, and West Coast Airlines to Boise, Idaho, will cost $266.51, tax included. Connections to Boise require several hours stopover in Spokane. No air travel is available the twenty miles from Boise to Nampa.

MOTHER VISITS SUDAN-MISSIONARY DAUGHTER

NOT many mothers have the privilege of visiting their daughters on the mission field. Mrs. Fred A. Bode did, from January to April, 1954. Of her travels from Pittsburgh to Omdurman, North Sudan, on a surprise visit to Mary Anna, she has written to a friend:

". . . Here in the Sudan I was met by Verna Pillow and Mrs. Shields. When we got to the house Mary Anna and her teacher, Sitt Faith, were nearby in a museum. Just an old mud building with some historical things in several rooms. They were near the door and Mary Anna had her back to us. I made a noise and she turned around. Well—I don't quite remember what did happen in the next few minutes, and she doesn't either.

"I have been to Omdurman, Khartoum North and Sudan Interior Mission churches, visited the schools, and was fortunate in being able to attend the Annual Tea given by Sir Robert and Lady Howe. He is the Governor General of the Sudan. The Royal Palace Gardens are beautiful and it was a thrill to see all kinds of people. Have been in town and have seen the busy streets, beggars and all. One night I ran to the end of the veranda to see the 'bucket wagon.' It is a two-wheeled cart with two camels hitched to it. Mary Alice warned me not to make a noise or laugh at them because they are allowed to throw a bucket at anyone who does so.

"Last Sunday Mary Anna and I were in Khartoum North. We helped Sitt Elizabeth get the babies ready for church. Even the tiny one, Intesar, went to church. Sitt Elizabeth carried her in a small basket. Intesar is just a few months old.

"I will go to El Obeid, Wad Medani, Gedaref, then back here.

"As I watch these dark-skinned people in their flowing garments or robes, and men with yards of material wrapped around their heads, I think of Bible pictures, and then realize that I am in the part of the world where or near that part, where Jesus lived when He was on earth. Surely He loved these dark people and loves them still. They are a friendly people and so appreciate even the smallest thing done for them. How can anyone say, 'I don't believe in Missions' when they say they are Christians? What do they think when they read His command, 'And he said unto them, Go ye into ALL the world, and preach the gospel to EVERY creature'? A feeling comes over one when men, women and children, from the light-skinned Egyptians to the very black-skinned Sudanese, or the very tall black of the Dinka tribe come up to you with an outstretched hand and greet you. They say 'a-za-eek' and I have learned to return the greeting—and they mean it. . . ."

Excerpts from a letter written by Mrs. Bode from Omdurman to Mrs. Beatrice J. Moore, Bookkeeper in WGMS Treasurer's office, Publication Bldg.

WINONA SUMMER SCHOOL OF MISSIONS

Fiftieth Anniversary of Founding of Winona School of Missions
(1905 - 1954)

Time and Place: June 21 - 26, 1954. Westminster Hotel, Winona Lake, Indiana.

Program Features: Courses offered on Foreign Mission theme, "India, Pakistan and Ceylon"; Home Mission theme, "The City"; Bible Study; Helps for Junior Missionary Leaders. A film, noted speakers, a banquet . . . are some of the evening specialties.

Further Information: Available from Mrs. F. Kloese, 1281 W. 73rd St., Chicago 38, Illinois.

Mrs. Wallace G. McGeoch

Mrs. H. Andrew Bruder

BOARD FILLS VACANCIES

The Board of Directors of the Women's General Missionary Society is happy to announce the election of two new members, both ministers' wives. Mrs. Wallace G. McGeoch and Mrs. H. Andrew Bruder have accepted this responsibility. Rev. Mr. McGeoch is pastor of the Leechburg, Pennsylvania, church, and Rev. Mr. Bruder of the First church of McKeesport, Pennsylvania.

The new Board members are both graduates of Muskingum college and former school teachers. Both have been active in WGMS work most of their lives.

Before marriage Mrs. McGeoch served as superintendent of the Junior society in her home church, North Buffalo, near Washington, Pennsylvania. She organized the first missionary society in Joslyn Avenue church, Pontiac, Michigan, when her husband was pastor there. She was also organizer of the Teen-Age circle at Leechburg and is Junior superintendent at present. In presbyterial work she has served as first vice president of Detroit, president of Chicago, and president of Kiskiminetas. The McGeochs have two daughters—Jean, a junior in Westminster college, and Esther, a junior in high school.

Mrs. Bruder's home church was Roney's Point, West Virginia, where her mother helped organize the first missionary group in that congregation. Mrs. Bruder has held offices in each presbyterial in which her husband's pastorates have been located—Wheeling, Kiskiminetas, and Chartiers—and is now Teen-Age secretary of Westmoreland. She has one son, Ensign James R. Bruder, in Glenview, Illinois, naval air school, and a grandson, Mark Andrew, who just arrived in February.

These elections bring the membership of the Board to seventeen, drawn from five presbyterials instead of three. No assignments to particular departments have yet been given to the new members.

Edith L. McBane, Recording Secretary

ATTENTION . . .

Dear Society Presidents, Treasurers, Teen-Age Sponsors, Junior Superintendents:

The Presbyterial Treasurers and I, as your General Treasurer, have been trying for the past two years to make our reports and remittances run more smoothly, and now we are coming to you for help. You supply and designate the funds. If we can enlist your full cooperation, the work will be easier all along the line.

I would like to explain how some of the special contributions are handled in the office of the General Treasurer, thereby answering many of your questions:

(1) All Specials for Bible Women or Bible Women's Work are handled under the Foreign General Account, and although it is a special for you, you should enter it under "Foreign General," for that is where it should be shown on the receipt you receive from the Presbyterial Treasurer, even though it is marked *"For Bible Women"* or *"For Bible Women's Work."* This work is included in the appropriations under the Foreign General Account. This same plan applies to "Specials for Leper Work" or "Leper Hospital." They, too, will be shown under Foreign General Account.

(2) When sending money for the Junior Special Fund or the Teen-Age Special Fund, just designate it as such; do not mention any particular project under these Funds, for that may cause it to be diverted out of the Junior Special Fund or Teen-Age Special Fund, for which it was intended.

(3) Any money contributed by the Little Light Bearers goes into the Junior Special Fund.

(4) Be sure that the "Specials" as described on the back of your remittance sheets show the same amounts as the "Specials" listed at the bottom of the face of your remittance sheet.

Concerning "Specials Outside the WGMS"—let me explain that this item is put in not because we are asking for such, but because we have to make a place for some that will come in spite of us. We received some marked, "Special for Work Outside the WGMS," but not saying for what purpose. This leads us to think that some have interpreted that item to mean that we are asking for such, which we are not! Just leave it in Foreign or American General Accounts.

Each time you are remitting for salary, whether Foreign or American, write in the name of the missionary for whom the salary support is intended, unless you want the money to be placed in the "Undesignated salary account," in which case it will be used where it is most needed for missionaries whose salary has not been pledged. If a certain missionary is supported by a Congregation, Sabbath School, Society, or other group in your Presbyterial, always add that information on the line.

And what shall I say about "cents"? Well, I can say this, that most of the Presbyterial Treasurers have apparently made a desperate effort to have "cents" eliminated at the Society level, and it has helped a great deal. If Society Treasurers have "cents" at the end of the year in any fund, we suggest that you keep them in your balances, unless your Society will pass a motion that they be made up to the next dollar out of the Society Contingent Fund.

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That would solve the "cents problem" for the Society Treasurer, the Presbyterial Treasurer, and for the General Treasurer! Your Presbyterial Treasurer carries a very heavy load —help her in every way possible.

The latter half of January this year was a nightmare in the General Treasurer's Office. We found it next to impossible, due to so many "Specials," to get all of the items recorded in all the places necessary, and yet get those sheets of specials made up and sent to the Foreign Fields before January 31. This year we had seven long sheets of "Specials" (single spaced on legal size paper) for Pakistan-India alone in the January remittance to the Fields. If all of the "Specials" were really "Special Gifts" and not a using up of balances at the end of the year, which the Societies have over and above what they think is necessary to be given in order to meet their pledges, then they should be sent earlier in the year. Any balances at the end of the year should go into Foreign General and American General Accounts, regardless of the standard of efficiency rating, instead of making "Specials" out of them. This plan would enable you to send your real "Special Gifts," for the most part, not later than November; then the Presbyterial Treasurer would get them to me not later than December, and they would be out of the way before the final rush in this office in January. For in addition to handling all of the remittances, we are preparing our books for the auditor at that time. The year-end is also a great time of pressure for the Presbyterial Treasurers. I know the Societies will wish to cooperate to the fullest extent in order to alleviate this pressure for the Presbyterial Treasurers, as well as for the General Treasurer.

Last year we attempted to set up a plan by which your "Undesignated *WGMS* Specials" could be handled without penalizing the Society on their efficiency rating. It was an attempt to conserve the funds for the regular missionary work, for which we are responsible, instead of sending the money hither and yon as "Specials." However, this experiment did not work out so well. The word "Specials" is used in so many ways, we are now suggesting that you change these "Undesignated WGMS Specials" to "Extra Contributions." That gets them away from the "Special Gifts," which are the real "Specials."

If you still do not want to add to the Foreign and American General Accounts, as suggested in the preceding paragraph, because you fear it may interfere with your efficiency rating, could we try this: Call them "Extra Contributions," and place them under *Foreign* or *American Salaries?*, and mark them one of two ways:

(1) "Extra for (your own missionary's name) Salary," (this provision in case your own missionary's salary is not completely pledged); or

(2) It could be marked, "Extra for an Unpledged Salary"; this would permit us to use the money toward either Foreign or American Salary where it was most needed. In remitting any such money, place it up under Salaries—Foreign or American, instead of at the bottom of the page under WGMS Specials, and do not put any description on the back of the remittance sheet. It becomes Foreign or American Salary, as you designate.

You might wonder why so much is said about "Specials." Eight years ago it took one-half a regular-sized sheet to send the "Specials" to one of the fields, where it is now taking seven legal-sized sheets with single spacing to send the "Specials." None of this is said to discourage "Special Gifts" by individuals, Sabbath Schools, and other groups outside of

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the Missionary Societies. But the money in the Treasuries of the Missionary Societies is money already designated to be used for the established work for which they alone are responsible, exactly like the budget mission money of the Congregations, which is never drawn upon for anything else, but is sent in full to the Financial Agent of the Presbytery.

In the year 1950 the total contributions from Presbyterials to Foreign General was $27,371.74, and the amount to Foreign General for the Year 1953 was $52,188.15. This is a splendid improvement, but when one considers that $52,188.15 is about the amount which will be sent to Egypt alone for operating expenses in 1954, *not including* Salaries, one wonders how the rest of the Foreign Missions Work and much of the American Missions Work is to be financed. We must not become so dependent upon the Thank Offering, nor must we become so enamored of "Specials" that we lose track of the needs of the general work.

For the coming Year (1954) we have already promised the Foreign Fields nearly $200,000.00 for all of the operating expenses, *not including salaries*, or any new buildings, to say nothing of the expenses we have for Foreign Missionaries on furlough, such as their attendance at Schools and Conferences, travel back to the fields, and various other items. In addition to all this, all unpledged salaries must be paid out of the Foreign General Account.

Please understand this to be a plea and nothing more. We are all working for the same goal—the best way of handling the money for the greatest good for the work.

In conclusion, we desire to express our heartfelt thanks for all the gifts and all the service each one has given for the work of Missions. Our predecessors laid a wonderful foundation. Let us follow in their footsteps, and in so doing we are following in the footsteps of the Master, who enjoined upon all of His followers, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature . . ."

Yours in His Service,
Mrs. H. Ray Shear,
WGMS Treasurer

"I'M GOING TO BE A MISSIONARY"

(*Continued from Page* 484)

in a low voice, almost singing these words, over and over again: "I'm going to be a missionary."

The girls' favorite missionary was Miss Emma Dean Anderson whose interesting letters in *The Youth's Evangelist* they read every Sabbath.

Before the close of the meeting, with the suggestions of Mrs. Martin, the girls elected their officers, and made plans for the next meeting.

Mrs. Martin was pleased with the Girls' organization, which has *kept going* through different generations until the thriving one of today.

Roxy continued in school here, and was graduated from high school. Then her father took very sick and died. Mrs. Martin took the little family and moved to New Concord, where her daughter Maud lived, now the wife of Dr. Jesse Johnson, President of Muskingum College. Roxy entered college and on her graduation day, Dr. Johnson met her on the street while he was reading a letter.

"Here is an appeal from Egypt. Could you go to be a teacher in the Ezbekiah School for girls there? How soon could you be ready, Roxy?"

She said, "I've been waiting for years to be a missionary. I'm ready. I can go tomorrow!"

So Miss Roxy Martin taught in this school for many years—sending out over Egypt girls who became Christian mothers and teachers—and her wish to be a missionary was fulfilled.

May *many girls* today give their hearts and lives to Jesus and resolve, "I'm going to be a missionary." (Luke 10:2.)

President's Page

THE MESSAGE PERSONAL

"I have a message from God unto thee." Judges 3:20

IN the Scriptures there are many illustrations of God's watchful care over His people. An interesting story of deliverance is revealed in the third chapter of Judges when Ehud, the left-handed Benjamite, as an instrument of Jehovah, appears before Eglon, the King of Moab, bearing a sinister message from God.

The scene is quickly over as Ehud states his mission, "I have a message from God unto thee," and then sinks the concealed weapon, a sharp sword, into Eglon's fat body. But the bit of drama, symbolic of a prosperous, indulgent world face to face with weak, left-handed Faith, has a Gospel message for us as personal as Martha brought to Mary when she said, "The Master is come and calleth for thee."

From the record of the lives of the patriarchs, prophets and priests of the Old Testament, on to the teachings of Jesus and His followers in the New Testament the same refrain is proclaimed in different words again and again: "I have a message from God unto thee."

To the Juniors the message is, *"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord."*

To the Youth of the land the message is, *"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." "Fear God and keep his commandments for this is the whole duty of man." "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."*

To the mature mind the messenger of God brings a message of truth, of love, of peace, of salvation, when He says: *"I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the father, but by me." "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the Law." "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."*

A personal message from God! Is such a thing possible? Surely, for the voice of God echoes throughout the whole world. Assurance of it comes to us in the voice of the Psalmist when he says: *"The heavens declare the glory of God, the firmament showeth his handywork."* To the weary the message personal says,*"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."* To the successful person, the voice whispers, *"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"* To the aged the message is, *"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."* To the sinner the Word says, *"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."*

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart,
That I might not sin against thee.
. . . Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And a light unto my path."

Psalms 119:11, 105

Mrs. Grant B. Gibson, Convention Secretary

Thank Offering

MRS. RUSSELL K. MONTGOMERY, Secretary
9 Pecano Drive, Pittsburgh 20, Pa.

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERS
$25.00 Each

424. Mrs. Mary Ann Goodman, Xenia, Ohio. By a friend.

473. Mrs. Joe A. Huddle, Washtucna, Wash. By her husband.

474. Mrs. Fred Beckner, Washtucna, Wash. By her husband.

475. Mrs. Paul Helme, Washtucna, Wash. By her husband.

1135. Mrs. Kate Croft, East Liverpool, O. By members of WMS, First Church.

1136. Mrs. Edwin Wheeler, East Liverpool, O. By members, WMS, 1st Church.

1137. Mrs. James Cunningham, East Liverpool, O. By Misses Ola and Bertha Azdell.

1138. Mrs. Eldon Clay Frey, St. Louis, Mo. By Mrs. Jacob Lashley.

1139. Mrs. Paul Greer, St. Louis, Mo. By Mrs. Jacob Lashley.

1140. Mrs. Ed Walls, Overland, Mo. By Mrs. Robert Patterson.

1141. Martha Lorretta Knoblett, Palestine, Ill. By her brother, Jesse M. Turner.

1142. Donna Faye Knoblett, Palestine, Ill. By uncle, Jesse M. Turner.

1143. Meda Miller, Palestine, Ill. By a neighbor, Jesse M. Turner.

1144. Mrs. W. J. Gray, Sparta, Ill. By members of the WMS.

1145. Mrs. Nettie Dagner, Sparta, Ill. By a friend.

1146. Mrs. Mildred Dickey, Coulterville, Ill. By the Tilden WMS.

1147. Dorothy Hayer, Sparta, Ill. By the Lois Boyd Circle.

1148. Mrs. Roy E. Kohn, St. Louis, Mo. By her husband.

1149. Mrs. Clifford Benson, Sparta, Ill. By Lamplighters Society.

1150. Mrs. Duane Kelly, Sparta, Ill. By Lamplighters Society.

1151. Wanda Snider, In Mem. By her aunts, through Romine Prairie WMS.

1152. Wanda Farrar, Cartter, Ill. By her family.

1153. Mrs. Frank Easdale, Coulterville, Ill. By Tilden Willing Workers WMS.

1154. Mrs. Clyde G. Wylie, Marissa, Ill. By members of Evelyn Cathcart Circle.

1155. Mrs. Cora Simpson, Marissa, Ill. By members of the WMS.

1156. Mrs. Claude Weshinskey, Marissa, Ill. By What-So-Ever Bible Class.

1157. Mrs. Charles F. Dickey, Marissa, Ill. By her sister, Mrs. William S. Dow.

1158. Mrs. Julius Hacker, Marissa, Ill. By Misses Clara & Florence Matthews.

1159. Mrs. Harry J. Young, Marissa, Ill. By Mrs. Pearl M. Eckert, a friend.

1160. Mrs. Mae Marshall, Marissa, Ill. By Mrs. Dan Hamilton & Mrs. Chas. McCreight.

1161. Mrs. Mary Estep, St. Louis, Mo. By Women's Assoc., 3rd Church.

1162. Mrs. Tirzah Holmes, Coulterville, Ill. By the WMS & four daughters.

1163. Mrs. Henry E. Hillyard, Coulterville, Ill. By her husband & children.

1164. Mrs. Craig B. Hartman, Etna, Pa. By WMS, Calvert Memorial Church.

1165. Mrs. Robert J. Crawford, Jr., Etna, Pa. By a friend.

1166. Mrs. C. R. Armstrong, Gibsonia, Pa. By her husband.

1167. Mrs. Eleanor Wiener, Gibsonia, Pa. By her aunt.

1168. Kenneth Huston, Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa. By friends.

1169. Mrs. Myra Herron, Pittsburgh, Pa. By friends.

1170. Mrs. Orpha Free, Pittsburgh, Pa. By friends.

1171. Mrs. Esther Gault, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Miss Mary White.

1172. Mrs. Phyllis Milne, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. Helen Wilmoth.

1173. Lillian H. Smith, Winterset, Ia. By her brother, Earl Henderson.

1174. Mrs. Minerva Chambers, Des Moines, Ia. By Mr. M. K. Chambers.

1175. Mrs. W. G. Forsythe, Albia, Ia. By her niece, Mrs. Marion Brawdy.

1176. Mrs. Orville E. Knapp, Newton, Ia. By Mrs. G. H. Nollen.

1177. Mrs. Tim J. Campbell, Jr. Newton, Ia. By Mrs. Tim J. Campbell, Sr.

1178. Miss Florence A Miller, Newton, Ia By Mrs. Homer W. Denniston.

1179. Mrs. Roy W. Denniston, Newton, Ia. By self.

1180. Mrs. George Lincoln, Grinnell, Ia. By a friend.

1181. Mrs. Gordon I. Shambaugh, Des Moines, Ia. By Rhoda Ireland.

1182. Mrs. W. G. Cleland, Grinnell, Ia. By her husband and Ewart WMS.

1183. Mrs. Carmon Johnson, Montezuma, Ia. By her family and Ewart WMS.

1184. Mrs. Belle Tyer, Winterset, Ia. By Mrs. John F. Veltman

1185. Mrs. Velma Derby, Albia, Ia. By sisters: Viola, Charlotte and Lodema Stewart.

1186. Miss Helen Larsen, Des Moines, Ia. By Mrs. C. T. R. Yeates.

1187. Mrs. H. L. Peterson, Des Moines, Ia. By Mrs. W. H. McCartney.

1188. Mrs. Don L. Neumann, Des Moines, Ia. By Mrs. S. J. O'Connor.

1189. Miss Helen Wood, Des Moines, Ia. By herself.

1190. Mrs. J. A. Crawford, Des Moines, Ia. By Mrs. Dale K. Hess.

1191. Mrs. S. J. O'Connor, Des Moines, Ia. By Mrs. Dale K. Hess.

1192. Mrs. C. P. Hughlett, Des Moines, Ia. By Mrs. I. H. Carothers.

1193. Mrs. Lloyd S. Rouze, Des Moines, Ia. By Mrs. I. H. Carothers.

1194. Mrs. C. M. Glass, Des Moines, Ia. By herself.

1195. Mrs. Arlene Smith, Earlham, Ia. By Mrs. John Sawhill & Mabel Sawhill.

1196. Mrs. H. B. Herring, Dearborn, Mich. By Rebecca Stevenson Bible Class.

1197. Mrs. R. H. Lutey, Dearborn, Mich. By Rebecca Stevenson Bible Class.

1198. Mrs. Guy Miller, Dearborn, Mich. By Mrs. E. C. Armstrong.

1199. Mrs. H. R. Anderson, Dearborn, Mich. By friends in the WMS.

1200. Mrs. William Townsend, Dearborn, Mich. By friends in the WMS.

1201. Mrs. Raymond La Vigne, Detroit, Mich. By friends.

1202. Mrs. Mary A. Werner, Detroit, Mich. By Mrs. Dorothy Webb.

1203. Mrs. Helene Lamond, Pontiac, Mich.

1204. Mrs. E. C. Derry, Detroit, Mich. By a friend.

1205. Mrs. John Simpson, Detroit, Mich. By Mr. John Simpson.

1206. Mrs. Alan Stevens, Detroit, Mich. By a friend.

1207. Mrs. Mary Lewis, Pontiac, Mich. By Auburn Heights WMS.

1208. Mrs. Thelma Sebastian, Auburn Heights, Mich. By the Mary-Martha Society.

1209. Donna Williams, Detroit, Mich. By Gertrude E. Luce.

1210. Mrs. Lonnie Dalton, Detroit, Mich. By a friend.

1211. Mrs. Ronald Berg, Detroit, Mich. By a friend.

1212. Mrs. C. DeKam, Detroit, Mich. By a friend.

1213. Mrs. William Kollinger, Detroit, Mich. By a friend.

1214. Barbara Dey, Detroit, Mich. By a friend.

1215. Donna Oak, Birmingham, Mich. By Father.

1216. Marlene Schlaff, Birmingham, Mich. By a friend.

1217. Dorothy Cameron, Birmingham, Mich. By a friend.

1218. Mrs. Everett Them, Mansfield, O. By Ella Montgomery Guild.

1219. Mrs. Mary Rowlance, Canton, O. By Fairmount Park WMS.

1220. (Mrs. J. W.) Anne Allen, Canton, O. By Mr. & Mrs. William Whitlatch.

1221. (Mrs T. L.) Phyllis Bogard, Canton, O. By Mrs. William Scheel.

1222. (Mrs. Clyde) Kay Cozadd, Canton, O. By Mrs. William Scheel.

1223. (Mrs. Robert) Betty Findley, Canton, O. By Walter McPerry.

1224. (Mrs Axel) Eleanor Ottoson, Canton, O. By sister, Mrs. R. G. Ewing.

1225. (Ms. Wm.) Dottie Scheel, Canton, O. By Mr. and Mrs. Ray Gordon.

1226. Miss Alda Lytle, Fredericksburg, O. By friends in the WMS.

1227. Mrs. Clara McClarren, Galion, O.

1228. Mrs. L. J. Yarman, Mansfield, O. By Mrs. William M. Schuff.

1229. Mrs. Russell A. Arthur, Mansfield, O. By Mrs. C. I. Steffey.

1230. Mrs. Laura Wilson, Canton, O. By a friend.

1231. Mrs. Marie Ulmer, Canton, O. By Daugherty Society, Reedurban.

1232. Mrs. Irene Webber, Canton, O. By Daugherty Society.

1233. Mrs. James Sanderson, Canton, O. By Mary-Martha Circle, Reedurban.

1234. Miss Ellen McKee, Wooster, O. By Mrs. Frank Enlow.

1235. Mrs. Willard Reynolds, Little York, Ill. By Cedar Creek WMS.

1236. Mrs. Cleo Smith, Little York, Ill. By Mrs. Edna Anderson, Mrs. Glenn Seaton and Mrs. Everett Stripe.

1237. Mrs. Harry McConnell, Little York, Ill. By Mrs. William Donaldson & Mrs. Ruth Winbigler.

1238. Mrs. Harry Wallarab, Davenport, Ia. By Miss Irene Duggleby.

1239. Mrs Henry Schultz, Davenport, Ia. By McClellan Heights Missionary Aid.

1240. Mrs. W. H. Brown, Little York, Ill. By Mrs. M. S. Jewell.

1241. Mrs. Glen Mason, Little York, Ill. By Mrs. Richard Strattan.

1242. Mrs. Arthur Flynn, Little York, Ill. By Mrs. Cecil L. Waugh.

1243. Rosa Margrath, Rock Island, Ill. By Betty Bell.

1244. (Mrs. Edward) Elizabeth Witt, Rock Island, Ill. By her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Bell.

1245. Miss Zelma Spears, Rock Island, Ill. By herself.

1246. Miss Margaret Geisslinger, Jersey City, N. J. By Marilyn Keith.

1247. Mrs. William Sturgeon, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y. By Mr. Wm. Sturgeon, Jr.

1248. Mrs. James H. Lippincott, Lyndhurst, N. J. By Mrs. Caroline Aldridge.

1249. Mrs. Gertrude Gillar, Lyndhurst, N. J. By Mrs. Joseph Aldridge.

1250. Mrs. Isabella Fyffe, Paterson, N. J. By Mrs. Betty Rice.

1251. Mrs. Ruth Wengert, Queens Village, N. Y. By Mrs. Marion Shaw.

1252. Mrs. Bertha Schweitzer, Queens Village, N. Y. By Mrs. Olive Clark.

1253. Mrs. Maude Morgan, Queens Village, N. Y. By a friend.

1254. Miss Jean Dickey, Slippery Rock, Pa. By Grace B. Weber, Queens Village, N. Y.

1255. Miss Dorothy Chaffee. Queens Village, N. Y. Elsbeth McCarthy.

1256. Mrs. May Croop, Queens Village, N. Y. By

Maybelle Gemmill.

1257. Mrs. John P. La Forte, Brooklyn, N. Y. By Women of Westminster Soc.

1258. (Mrs. John C.) Gertrude Nevin, By the WMS, Multnomah Church, Portland, Ore.

1259. Mrs. C. Victor Yates, Shedd, Ore. By C. Victor Yates.

1260. Mrs. Floyd C. Williamson, Shedd Ore. By Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Coon.

1261. Mrs. J. Willard Brown, Shedd, Ore. By J. Willard Brown and sons: Eugene and Harold.

1262. Mrs. Catherine Wendland, Portland, Ore. By Mother Wendland,

1263. Mrs. H. A. Lyman, Portland, Ore. By the Emma Armitage Circle, Valley Community Church.

1264. Mrs. Bessie Daly, Portland, Ore. By Mrs. H. A. Lee.

1265. (Mrs. Clyde E.) Shirley Hurd, Portland, Ore. By Ruth Work WMS.

1266. Mrs. R. H. Johnston, New Castle, Pa. By Mrs. W. F. Johnston.

1267. Mrs. Edwin Earl Mercer, New Wilmington, Pa. By a friend.

1268. Mrs. Hulda Riddell, New Wilmington, Pa.

1269. Mary Blackwood Wanty, New Wilmington, Pa. By Mrs. T. R. Sarver.

1270. Mrs. Walter Green, Jr., New Wilmington, Pa. By a friend.

1271. Mrs. Charles Ridl, New Wilmington, Pa. By a friend.

1272. Mrs. Thelma Kehl, Sharon, Pa. By Myrtle-Anna Soc., by a special offering.

1273. Mrs. Josephine Treloar, Sharon, Pa. By friends in WMS.

1274. Carole Grace Brownlee, Waterloo, Ia. By Grandparents, Mr. & Mrs. W. C. Brownlee.

1275. Jan Leslie Sykora, Beaver, Pa. By Grandparents, Mr. & Mrs. John Reed, New Wilmington, Pa.

1276. Mrs. Robert E. Noble, Sr., Crafton, Pa. By her husband.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN M.K. MISSIONARY

(*Continued from Page* 483)

beings. But if a consciousness of having been called by the One who is ever faithful to the faithless vessels he chooses, if a confidence that unworthy as we are, we face a task that needs to be done more than any other in the world—if a trust that the best and safest place in the world for us is where He wants us—if such thoughts and feelings held mutually by a company of people no matter how diverse, can make them esteem and trust and love each other, then I say "praise and honor and glory and power" to the One who has given this family His name.

The fact that we do live that special kind of family life together—esteeming, loving and trusting—goes almost unnoticed and usually unsung among us. Perhaps that is best. To notice it overmuch, to cultivate it consciously might be more than it could bear. It might also miss the point and forfeit something we had only deserved in not asking for it.

As one who has fallen heir by birth and choice to a most fortunate fellowship I can only hope that I shall be enabled to share in it as richly as I have seen the company before me share.

ABOUT MURLE CHILDREN

(*Continued from Page* 457)

the untrapped ones swimming wildly toward the men with their hooked sticks. Those especially anxious not to lose their prize catch, string their hapless fish on a leather thong around their waists. What a picture!

So the children follow in the ways of their parents as they do all around the world. Good ways for the kind of lives these people must live, but purposeless except to eke out a meager existence and to teach their children to do the same thing. We marvel almost daily at the hours Murle children and adults have at their disposal to lean on a spear or relax against a tree, watching the foreigner in all his busy-ness.

No formal work has been done among the Murle children as yet since the work is still in its infancy. But Lado, who has been a devout Christian for several years, has walked among his people gathering the children like the Pied Piper of Hamlin to listen to the stories of Jesus and His love. How many scores of Murle children have heard about their Saviour we cannot tell, but God knows. And it is wonderful to know that He has His Hand upon each one of them. We do pray that through the years as the Word of the Lord is brought to them more and more, they may find that their lives do have a divine purpose, and that there is Another whom they must follow—and follow wherever He leads.

Prayer Groups

MRS. WALTER C. BRETHAUER, Secretary
118 Brightwood Ave., Pittsburgh 29, Pa.

Has Communism made any change in your life?

"Communism represents the greatest single challenge that missionaries must face today." China, one of the largest mission lands, is already dominated by it; other areas of the world are being cultivated by its ardent agents. Followers of Communism are devoted to the cause with a religious zeal. An illustration is that of a woman student in Bogota, Colombia, who the year following her conversion to Communism converted nearly 250 fellow students. Communists know how to propagate their message.

The success Communism has had tells us in unmistakable terms of "the desperate lostness of men and the crying need for Christian Evangelism. Too long the world outside the Church has been starving for a vital, creative faith. Men have no sense of the great and deep meanings of life, of why they are alive or what they are living for. Therefore, they grasp at a shallow faith like Communism." (R. J. Bierbaum)

Christ said to His disciples, "You shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and to the end of the earth." God sends us, as He sent His first disciples, TO WITNESS. "It is the ministry of witness which is supremely needed in the world and for which it is turning to the Christian Church . . . God forbid that we should trail in the dust mankind's golden hope." (Joseph R. Sizoo)

Communism should change your life and mine to one of deeper devotion to our Lord, lead us to more prayerful study of His word, (read *The Acts* and *II Corinthians* 11:24-33), find us more often in prayer for power to witness effectively by word and deed. Communism could be stopped dead in its tracks if the Christian Church really became a witnessing Church.

PRAYER CYCLE—MAY MEETING
11th, 16th through 21st Days

Note: Miss Margaret Fehlman of Rawalpindi, Pakistan, has given us these requests for prayer and reasons for thanksgiving in the Pakistan-India fields.

Give praise for the wonderful evangelistic opportunities of Gordon College with students from frontier states. A college chaplain is needed.

Give praise that over fifty parsonages have been built, aided by the Mary Logan Memorial Fund. Most parsonages destroyed by the flood have been rebuilt.

Pray that the rural pastors be not discouraged during these days of economic stress. It is said the villagers' incomes are 50% less than formerly.

Pray for those who have charge of distribution of free wheat and milk, awarding scholarships, efforts to get land and provide industrial training, that they may seek God's help.

Praise God for the wonderful love and gentleness of doctors and nurses in hospitals; their unhurriedness, even when pressed; their skill and loving care for the Mission family.

Pray for Dorothy Neff in her language study at Jullandar; for the Fulbright Scholarship teacher in Kindergarten Training in Pathankot.

Pray for Jai Kaur Ishwar Singh who has been made principal of High School and Training Center at Pathankot, India; for her great desire for spiritual training and growth of staff members and school girls.

Praise God for His care and keeping of the mission staff, for their joy in His service.

The Teens

MRS. R. B. McNARY, Secretary
R. R. 2, Canonsburg, Pa.

MAY PROGRAM PLANS

Theme—Children Follow.

Scripture—Prov. 22:6; Psa. 128.

Heart Verse for May—Merry Heart. Proverbs 15:13. "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken."

Since our program topic refers to children keep also in mind Luke 18:16—But Jesus called them unto him and said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

(Invite your mothers, and try to make the program interesting and impressive. They will enjoy being your guests. If possible present each one with a corsage, and let them know you love them and honor them, not only on Mother's Day, but every day of the year.)

There isn't anything in the world more beautiful than a little child. When God made the child, He knew it would bring joy into the home, and gladness into hearts that might be sad. Children are pure and innocent with hearts full of love. As they grow older, throughout each year, they learn more of the patience and love, given to them by their parents—sacrifices they have made, so that daughter might have a new dress for some special occasion; or that the son might have a car of *his* own; and at the same time, laying aside money for the future, so that their children might have a college education.

Yes, children look to their parents for guidance, and follow their example; but did you teen-agers ever think about how many little children might be following your footsteps as their ideal in life?

Perhaps you have a younger brother or sister who is trying to copy everything that you do. Are you patient when they ask questions, or do you get angry because you think they are a bother? Remember "Children Follow," so may our teen-agers take for their example, Jesus Christ who once had problems to face as a teen-ager himself, so that younger children may follow you and your Christian ideals.

Since May brings us Mother's Day, may we especially honor Mother, and help to make our homes a place of love and happiness, being patient and kind one to another. Often we are more polite and kind, and show more consideration to a stranger, than to the members of our own family. Why? They alone make allowances for our rudeness because they love us best. Family life can be very happy, if we work and play together, and have love in our hearts for one another. The guiding light of our youth must be the home, with Christ the head of the family.

A PRAYER

We thank Thee God, for parents, who teach and guide each day
The lives of little children, to seek the upward way.
Around the family altar, their joys and sorrows share;
With love and understanding, they ask God's guidance there.

God bless our homes and help us, to love each other true;
To make our homes so precious, where everything we do
Is filled with love and kindness, a dwelling place for Thee.
And help us God, each moment, to live more prayerfully.

Mrs. R. B. McNary

(The above verses were written for a church family night, presented by a teen-age choir. Tune: "The Church's One Foundation.")

The Juniors

MRS. CHARLES W. FULTON, Secretary,
455 Forest Ave., Bellevue, Pittsburgh 2, Pa.

The Death Of The Ibis Captain

The old captain of the *Ibis* has been in the hospital at Beni Suef for some time following a severe stroke on the *Ibis* as it was proceeding from Maghagha to Beni Suef. It took them two days to get to Beni Suef and was a very anxious journey for his son, Fahmy, who had to serve suddenly as captain, and also take care of his very sick father. When the boat arrived in Beni Suef they brought him on "donkey-back" from the boat to the landing-place (the Nile was low and what a distance it was to the shore) and then in a horse-carriage to his home here, and the next day to the hospital, when they found he could not be cared for at home. He was in this hospital for three weeks but was not content until he was taken to our Mission hospital in Assiut where he had many friends and loving care. He was there for ten days only as there was little they could do for him. For about seven months he lay, almost completely paralyzed, on a simple pallet on the floor of his home, with his wife and two young daughters caring for him as best they could, while Fahmy served as captain of the *Ibis*. He became very ill the past weeks and suffered a good deal and finally, last Sabbath morning (the 7th) he passed away, only fifteen minutes after the arrival of Fahmy from the long journey from Upper Egypt to his father before he died.

I had called on the family many times and had, on the Friday before his death, when his mind was still very clear, another long talk with him about the Lord Jesus, in whom he should put all his trust for his soul's salvation. He was unable to talk intelligibly to me, but before I left, his eyes suddenly brightened and he

The "Ibis"

motioned to his wife to listen to him, as she could still understand him. She turned to me and said, "He is saying, The Lord Jesus, the Lord Jesus." (In Arabic of course). So we have some hope that he died putting his trust only in our Saviour. He died about eleven o'clock on Sabbath morning and was buried a few hours later, across the river, where all the dead of this city are buried. His grave is near the river which he loved so much and knew so well. His wife told me that in his last sickness he was always talking about the *Ibis*, places along the river, and giving instructions to the sailors.

Helen J. Noordewier

Negro Missions

MRS. G. VIRGIL HUTCHISON, Secretary, Imperial, Pa.

Are Negro Missions Still Needed?

Not long ago the Board of Directors of the WGMS was invited to meet with the American Board that we might exchange accounts of the work for which each is responsible. The three Home Secretaries of our Women's Board reported on the various parts of their work first and the members of the American Board asked intelligent questions. The exchange of ideas was quite helpful and brought out the many places where our work touches. A fine spirit of cooperation exists and is a distinct aid in advancement of the Kingdom.

Rev. Clinton Marsh

One of the most interesting contributions to the discussion came from the Reverend Clinton Marsh, pastor of the Witherspoon Church in Indianapolis and member of the American Board. His parents were teachers in our Alabama schools and he received his early education there. (Your secretary counted it a privilege a few years ago to visit his mother's classroom in the Camden elementary school. The response of her pupils showed what a real teacher she was. Mrs. Marsh has now retired. Mr. Marsh expressed his great appreciation for the U.P. Church and its part in helping the colored people of Wilcox County through the development of churches and schools. He said our schools are definitely Christian in their influence, citing examples. Their influence reached out to two teachers in Camden a few years ago and they decided to become ministers. These young men were Mr. Elligan and Mr. Marsh.

Occasionally the question is asked if the Negroes are not now able to carry on these missions themselves. The Reverend Mr. Marsh made a careful study of economic conditions among them during a recent visit to that section. It is his conviction that there is no early prospect of such ability. He made a plea that Christian training be not curtailed. Those who stay in their home communities need it and those who leave that region to better their economic condition by work in the city also need it very badly. The young person who leaves familiar places and restraints should have a strong faith and understanding of the Christian way of life as he meets new temptations. If his attachment to Christ is true, he will seek the proper kind of friends and surroundings. Without the early training so many young people are lost to the church and Christ. Mr. Marsh is so earnest in his interest in young people and his desire that they might truly follow Christ that we were all moved by his appeal. If a school is known by its graduates, our Alabama missions and Knoxville College may "point with pride" to this intelligent, consecrated young pastor.

* * *

Mrs. Grayce Salley Hudley has made a special request that a "thank you" be inserted in *Missionary Horizons* to all who have sent gifts and clothing for those under her care. She feels sure that she has not acknowledged all of them as some addresses were mislaid. She is quite distressed about it and hopes the donors will accept her humble apology. She is a very busy person with Bible teaching and housekeeping. Her husband's little grandson is now a member of the family too.

Indian Missions

MRS. RUSSELL K. MONTGOMERY,
Interim Secretary,
9 Pocono Dr., Pittsburgh 20, Pa.

Tuning In On Our Indian Stations

COMMUNICATION WITH OLJATO

There is now a Civil Air Patrol unit at Oljato. All three families belong—the Smiths of the Trading Post, the Pattersons and the Todecheenes of the Mission. The Trader, Ed Smith, has the radio and has it on all the time on the CAP authorized frequency. It is to be used for emergencies only. It does make possible a way to reach us in case of an emergency. The call number for Oljato is Thunderbird 15. All CAP units all over the country are on the same frequency so any other CAP unit would be able to pass the message on to us by calling Thunderbird 15.

NEW SCHOOL BUILDING AT SIMNASHO

When the two Government school teachers returned last fall to Simnasho, they found that their teacher's house had been moved and the construction of a new school had begun. Progress on the new school has been steady and thorough and a good substantial building is assured. Besides the new school building, two new teachers' cottages are also being built. At present Simnasho School takes care of the children for the first three grades, the enrollment being 22 students.

WARM SPRINGS GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL

The Warm Springs Government Hospital has been closed since last fall, although it is for the time being operated on an outpatient clinic basis. This situation is of great concern to our Warm Springs Indians in view of the fact that the nearest hospital to the reservation is forty miles away. The Indians are hopeful that medical facilities of some sort will be continued at the reservation and they point to the Treaty of 1855 which provided that hospital facilities would be provided at appropriate places on the reservation.

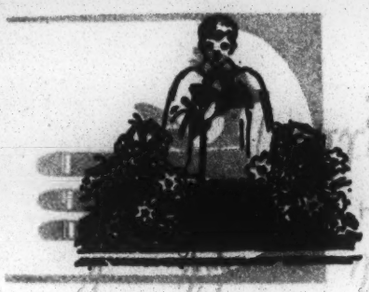
A SIOUX PRAYER

Great Spirit, You have been always, and before You nothing has been. There is no one to pray to but You. The star nations all over the heavens are Yours, and Yours are the grasses of the earth. You are older than all need, older than all pain and prayer.

Great Spirit, all over the world the faces of living ones are alike. With tenderness they have come up out of the ground. Look up upon Your Children, with children in their arms, that they may face the winds and walk the good road to the day of the quiet.

Great Spirit, fill us with the light. Give us the strength to understand, and eyes to see. Teach us to walk the earth as relatives to all that live.

Sent in by John Hillerson
From *Indian Highways*
Cook Christian Training School
Phoenix, Arizona



Mountain and Presbyterial Missions

MRS. EDGAR B. MURDOCH, Secretary
4 Wilmont Ave., Washington, Pa.

Clothing Store In Frenchburg

In the early morning hours, the second-hand clothing store is one of the busiest spots on the campus. Proceeds of the store are greatly needed for running expenses of the school including some salaries. Two ladies spend the morning at the store and there is some student help after school, in order to get things ready for the next day's sale. In the accompanying picture we see Mrs. Clinnie Patterson who operates the store and Dan Stephens, a fifth-grader and son of Mrs. Leah Stephens the first-grade teacher. Dan works after school as do the older dormitory students. His job is to sweep the store, burn the trash and move boxes of clothing. Mrs. Patterson gives her greetings:

"While people have different things to give away—time, energy, ideas and talents—right now the clothing store personnel is giving its appreciation. We say Thank You to the many donors who supply us with things to sell. The Christmas things in the boxes brought some excitement when the boxes were opened and sorted. We enjoyed packing them in Christmas boxes for needy families. Anything which makes a person glow with pleasure is beyond money calculation and that is what happens in the clothing store. A pair of shoes, a sweater, jackets and coats for boys, dresses, skirts, blouses and shoes for girls are especially appreciated. How happy people are to get something new! Perhaps it is not really new, but new to them. Two boys beamed from ear to ear when each found a warm cap on a cold day, and a little third-grade girl was delighted with a warm coat to take the place of her light-weight one she was wearing.

Mrs. Patterson and her helper, Dan Stephens in front of the clothing store

The weather was cold and wool things were needed for folks to keep warm.

We have discovered in the store:

First, that however cold it is here the people do not like fur collars on their coats nor do they like heavy overcoats. The weight is too great when they have to walk for miles. They prefer to wear a couple of lighter weight coats rather than one heavy one.

Second, the transportation on heavy coats is an expense to the Society sending them this distance. However, when they are sent some people do buy them for bedding.

Third, wash dresses are always ready sale. Dry cleaning adds to the expense of the article and our customers try to avoid that expense.

Fourth, boys are hard on clothing

(*Continued on Page* 509)

Foreign Missions

MRS. ARTHUR B. McBRIDE, Secretary,
847 Thorn Street, Sewickley, Pa.

Just Mention My Name

Rarely does a letter come from our Mission Fields without a definite request for prayer, or for praise for answered prayer. Many have told of occasions when they knew they were upheld in prayer. A daughter in Egypt tells of an especially trying group of girls she had, and how she rather dreaded going to meet them one day. But to her surprise and joy, the girls presented no problem at all that day. The next letter from her mother told of her prayer vigil, at that class hour, in her daughter's behalf! A missionary in our American Indian Mission told of his happy experience in calling in Indian homes. He was welcomed where doors had been closed against him; folk listened to his message and were respectful when he prayed with them. Why this change? His name and his work were in the *Prayer Cycle* that day, and throughout the Church intercession was being made. "Prayer changes things."

A dear friend told of her plan to write a letter every week to a missionary whether she knew her personally or not, but just to tell her she was praying for her and her work. One of our faithful laymen has the photo-poster of the WGMS new appointees on his wall and prays for them every one by name. Have you had the joy of knowing people were remembering you especially in prayer *by name* at the family altar, in a Prayer Group, or in private devotions?

There's a gripping story told by the late Edward M. Wester, associated many years with the work of the Friends among the American Indians. He related this incident: "We had held a real meeting of kindred spirits, held I believe in the name and in the service of our common Lord and Beloved Redeemer in the little old Meeting House at Modoc. Hiram Blackfish, an old Indian friend of mine, had passed out and gone some paces, while I yet stood in the doorway. He turned back and coming close to me, put his left hand on my right shoulder, and with his keen eyes searching me, said: 'Brother, when you speak to the Father, just mention my name!'"

WHAT? NO KNIFE!

There is gold in the mountain districts of Maji, and the industrial project of mining the gold now absorbs the lives of many of the tribes people. Those previously naked now wear clothing and even shoes, and receive a relatively substantial wage. Surely herein is the basis for an economic and social revolution in the midst of these primitive tribes. Herein is a tremendous challenge in the spiritual realm. But what has this to do with Maji clinic? Just this:

The men and women who attend every day are the same—still spiritually naked, unregenerate souls, still bound fast by the shackles of fear and superstition from which only a Gospel of liberation in Christ can release them. The following is a recent example: The writer attended a mother in childbirth in her tiny mud dwelling which afforded more space for the cattle than for the mother in her hour of need (so reminiscent of the scene at the little inn which changed the history of the world long ago). When the infant appeared, the father stood guard over the head of the writer and child with a large steel knife about 18" in

length. He also held the small door closed tightly, and refused to open it for air or light, though the house had no window. He said the evil spirits would cause his baby to die, if they came too near.

During each subsequent visit to the clinic, the whole family accompanied the infant. The special function of the grandma was to hold the knife over the child's head and before the face of the white woman. On being told that our God loved and cared for the little life he had created, there was no response. A little later it was noticed that grandma now carried a knife only half the size of the original! Was she half convinced? On the last visit, could it be true? Father shook his head, "No knife," he said. Just at that moment something fell with a thud from grandma's hand. It was a green folding pocket-knife with two open steel blades. During all her lifetime she had known only the protection of the evil one—she was not ready yet to dispense altogether with this useful weapon. For herself and for the infant she seeks to protect with cold, hard steel, there is a warm love and true liberation in Christ. "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

Eileen Halewood, R.N.

FROM A SHORT-TERMER'S LETTER

This is the centennial year of the United Presbyterian Church Mission in Egypt, and although the leaders of the Mission get together at this time every year to plan the work for the coming months, this year was really special. A pageant had been prepared depicting high lights of this work over the century, and the older members summarized the events of the quarter-centuries in sequence. Being new on the field, this was an excellent bit of education for me, and it was truly marvelous to see what the Lord has done through a handful of people living in obedience to Him. I was much impressed with the spiritual and educational stature of these people, past and present. The Lord has picked many bri.. ant, talented, trained, and dedicated men and women to serve Him here. Some of the rest of us tremble to realize how much He has trusted us to serve side by side with them.

I must also comment that the Association meetings were not entirely devoted to a glowing past. We were faced again and again with the fact that as the older ones retire, there are not enough younger people to replace them. As reassignments were made, it was heartbreaking to hear the various needs of the stations described, with no one to fill the need, and to see the more experienced missionaries taking on additional duty after additional duty, trusting in the Lord's strength. Pray with us that the Lord may prevail in the hearts of those whom He has planned should work in this field.

Ruth Romaine, Assiut Hospital

January 26, 1954,

Dear Friends Across the Miles,

It is hard to believe that a whole year has gone by since I wrote my letter of thanks last Christmas when I was in your country, not knowing that I would be remembered the same way at Christmas the following year across the miles. Your beautiful Christmas cards with loving greetings made me happy to know that you all still love and remember me. I do appreciate this with all my heart, as it encourages me for all my work here. I shall always treasure your sincere love and friendship.

Can't spend the day together
As I'd so like to do,
But here's a New Year's wish
Across the miles to you.
And for each mile between us,
It brings a wish your way,
For special happiness to last,
Long after New Year's Day.

The Lord has answered your prayers and mine, for I was allowed to be with my dear ones at home in India for four days during Christmas holidays. It was a happy reunion of the family, although it was hard to be home without my parents and two

sisters, who always have lived at home in India.

I request you to pray for me "so that I might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God." My earnest prayers are with every one of you whom I met last year.

Always yours in Christ,

Edith Williams

DOLEIB HILL SCHOOL

This is the second year of the girls' school, and it has been a joy to see the youngsters grow in many ways. I have not been able to know the boys or the village school students as I have the girls in this central school. There was one youngster whose father took her to worship at the grave of some ancestor, before sending her off to our school. Now she knows many hymns and memory verses and ever so many stories of the life of Christ. Best of all perhaps is that she has seen what it is like to live among Christian girls. She may have a hard three months during the holiday. Many of the girls have developed in their respect for others and in assuming responsibility. Our little temper-tantrum girl of whom we almost despaired is getting to be as sweet and cute as the next one. She still isn't a beautiful child, but she can't help what she was born with. Her smile makes up for it. A large portion of the girls come from homes where the father has two wives, so you can picture the normal future before them. We are praying that the grace of God will work in the hearts of Christians here to break this custom of plurality of wives. Along with it is the conviction that girls are a part of the wealth of the family, and they may be done with as the men fancy. Although the men may love their daughters, they have very little regard for the personal feelings of the girls. Education is much in demand now, even for the girls, but only the power of Christ can create real fellowship between men and their wives and establish Christian homes.

Dorothy L. Rankin

A NEW FOREIGN MISSIONARY

Rev. Swailem Sidhum, formerly pastor of the Evangelical Church in Qalandoul, Egypt, arrived in Khartoum the first part of November on his way to Malakal to take up his work as evangelist in the Southern Sudan. Rev. Swailem, who will be associated with the American Mission, goes as a representative of the Synod of the Nile. He is a graduate of Assiut College and the Theological Seminary in Cairo, and has a B.A. degree from the American University in Cairo. Besides his pastorate his experience includes having worked in literacy campaigns in Egypt. He spent six months in India, where he observed work of missions and also attended a three months course in Rural Uplift at Martindam Rural Training Institute. The prayers of many go with him.

E. Verna Pillow
(In News Bulletin of the Near East Christian Council)

WGMS SHORT-TERM MISSIONARIES

EGYPT

Mrs. Don Armstrong, 1951 ..... Tanta
Miss L. Vernelle Blair, 1952 ..... Cairo
Miss Ruth A. Brooks, R.N., 1953 ..... Assiut
Miss Mildred M. Cooke, R.N., 1951 ..... Assiut
Miss Eloise Crabbe, 1952 ..... Assiut
Miss Lois R. Ellifritz, 1950 ..... Cairo
Miss Lois A. Giffen, R.N., 1952 ..... Assiut
Miss Emogene A. Golding, R.N., 1952 ..... Tanta
Miss E. Marion Greenleese, 1951 ..... Assiut
Miss Dorothy E. Hagman, 1951 ..... Cairo
Miss Rosella M. Hutchison, MN., 1951 ..... Tanta
Miss Bessie B. James, 1952 ..... Tanta
Miss Catherine M. Jamieson, 1952 ..... Cairo
Miss Lida L. Knight, 1951 ..... Assiut
Miss Marilyn R. Law, R.N., 1952 ..... Tanta
Miss Sara Jane Nesser, 1951 ..... Tanta
Miss Ruth L. Nolin, 1951 ..... Tanta
Miss Rosemarie Otte, 1952 ..... Cairo
Miss Ruth Romaine, 1953 ..... Assiut
Mrs. Alma P. Ross, 1953 ..... Tanta
Miss Martha E. Sisley, 1951 ..... Assiut
Miss M. Patricia Trimble, 1951 ..... Assiut
Miss Mary Elizabeth Wilson, R.N., 1952 ..... Tanta

THE SUDAN

Miss Martha I. Pollock, 1953 ..... Malakal

ETHIOPIA

Miss Anna H. Ens, 1952 ..... Box 1111, Addis Ababa

Note: In addressing these short-termers please remember to put "% American Mission" with each foreign address.

Temperance & Reform

MRS. W. J. H. McKNIGHT, Secretary,
379 Questend Ave., Pittsburgh 34, Pa.

Summer School Opportunities

Inasmuch as most people make early plans for summer activities, we suggest now that you include in those plans, attendance at a *Summer School of Alcohol Studies*, if you live within the general area of such a school.

May we present a few facts about the Pennsylvania School of Alcohol Studies? First, because it is the one which is familiar to the writer and several other United Presbyterians who have attended; second, because its location on the Juniata College Campus at Huntingdon, Pa., is within a 200-mile radius of a large part of our denomination.

This School is sponsored by various church groups, the WCTU, and the Temperance League. The student body represents a cross section of American life — teachers, ministers, housewives, temperance workers, secretaries, college students, etc.

Mrs. John H. Schaffer, an active worker in our Sharon, Pa., church, who attended last summer says, "The PSAS is a 'must' for anyone interested in Alcohol Education. Those five days are a worthwhile adventure in which one receives both information and inspiration. The lectures by experts, the discussions in Seminars, the social contacts with people of mutual interests are valuable beyond measure. One catches a glimpse here of the strength of united effort in fighting the evils of the liquor traffic."

Mrs. Alonzoa Hope, a business woman, active in the Mercer, Pa., church says, "The instructors are all top personalities who have made a study of Alcohol from the physiological, psychological, economical and sociological approach. I was much impressed by Dr. Marie Bale, Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin. One sentence from her lecture remains constantly with me—'Isn't it a strange paradox that an intelligent society spends four billion dollars more to *impair* minds each year than to *awaken* them.' Any one lecture was worth the time and expense of attending the School."

Mrs. Edwin Brandt, Sr., of Enon Valley, Pa., who attended with her husband states, "We think the School was great — actually we hated to leave. It opened up a whole new approach to this problem, and gave us a better idea of how to help teach Alcohol Education.

Mrs. Janet Wike, a young homemaker from the Zelienople, Pa., Church says, "There isn't a person in the world today whose life is not touched in some way by alcohol. If it is not by personal contact, it is financial. The PSAS has been a wonderful help to me and certainly would be of great benefit to anyone who wants a better understanding of this whole complex problem. The primary concern of the School is with prevention of alcoholism, and the emphasis is on the spiritual, as well as every other phase of the problem. Why not plan to attend next year?"

The 1954 session will be held July 12-16 on the Campus of Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa. It is easily reached since Huntingdon is on the Pennsylvania Railroad line. The cost is very small—$30.00 for registration, tuition, room, and meals which are marvelous! For detailed information write me, or write directly to the Registrar of School, Rev. Norman Dettra, Box 503, Annville, Pa.

For those of you who are from other sections of the country, we will be glad to secure for you information concerning other Schools.

Literature Department

MRS. JAMES T. VORHIS, Secretary,
209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

QUESTIONS THAT HAVE COME TO LITERATURE SECRETARY

1. *Would attendance at a review of one of the books count toward a Reading Course award?* No. Remember that this is a *Reading* Course. The review of a book, no matter how well presented, is naturally colored by the beliefs and opinions, the likes and dislikes of the reviewer. Read the books for yourself and make your own decisions about it. A review gives only the high spots and omits much of value. If your society wants a book review choose a book that is not being circulated for reading.

2. *If a group of women meet together to read the books aloud chapter by chapter, may all the women who attend claim credit?* Yes, provided they have attended all the sessions or read for themselves chapters read during their absence from the group. This plan carries some worthwhile benefits. Discussion which is almost bound to follow the reading of some chapters will add interest and understanding. Women with poor eye sight can have part in the Reading Course through such a plan.

3. *Where may we find material for our missionary programs in addition to that printed in "Missionary Horizons"?* There are a number of sources:

a. See the program suggestions given each month in "Horizons."

b. Watch this page for a list of available material.

c. Collect booklets and leaflets published from time to time by the WGMS. The booklets, the histories of our Foreign Fields especially, (a set of four histories—$1.15) contain material on various phases of our work in a particular field.

d. Don't stop reading "Horizons" with the program material in the front section. Watch the News sections for items and stories that can be used with future topics.

e. Read the mission articles in the *United Presbyterian* and save those that are of lasting value.

f. Clip articles from the *Christian Union Herald.* This is one of the best sources of current missionary information. Under the section "Into All the World" you will find good stories of adventure, and of interesting people; descriptions of the places where our missionaries work; the impressions of new missionaries; accounts of medical, evangelistic and educational work, etc. Read "Here at Home" for news items of mission churches in America — country and city.

g. Own a good book of missionary stories and a copy of the current issue of *Christian World Facts.* The *Handbook of Foreign Missions* is a splendid source of information.

h. Ask the Department of Audio-Visual Aids for the list of available slides on our mission work.

QUESTIONS WE WANT TO ASK

Have you received your *Prayer Cycle* order? If not, let us know at once.

Have you ordered the 1954 *Prayer Cycle?* Don't delay any longer.

FOR THE MAY MEETING

Child in the Midst—story of kindergarten work in Egypt—15¢

Bahilu and Gobuze, Gutema and *Lamu*—each 1¢

Missionary Stories to Tell and *More Missionary Stories to Tell*—each 75¢

The Missionary Story Hour—paper $1.50; cloth $2.00

(The last three books and *Christian World Facts*—25¢—available at the Bookstore)

TEMPERANCE LEAFLETS

(free)

Is It Too Much to Ask?
Don't Take the First Drink
The Truth About Beer
Shall I Marry a Drinker?

Tributes

Mrs. Don P. Montgomery

The Missionary Societies of Pleasant Grove U. P. Church of Youngstown, Ohio, pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Don P. Montgomery, who was called to her heavenly home Jan. 6, 1954.

She was devoted to her church, always ready to be responsible and carrying out in every detail the work she assumed. Being our pastor's wife, her wise counsel, knowledge of missions and loyal support of all organizations made her an invaluable leader. She so lived that we who are left behind feel within our hearts the impetus and challenge of the service of God's kingdom that filled her. Her service in the Junior Department of the Sabbath School and its missionary work influenced many children and young people to lead Christian lives and so to be living tributes to her example. Her articles and devotions in the *Missionary Magazine* were widely read and a source of inspiration to many.

We mourn her loss and treasure her memory for her unfailing faith and joy in her Master's service. To her family and loved ones we extend our deep sympathy and commend them to Him who said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

You've played a noble role on earth
Been generous and true.
May those who follow in your path
Both live and love as you.

Women's Missionary Society
Ann Montgomery Miss. Soc.
Golden Rule Missionary Society
Pleasanteens Missionary Soc.
Junior Missionary Band

Mrs. Leah McKinley
Mrs. Ethel Hay
Mrs. Emma Finley
Mrs. Bertha Sissler

The Women's Missionary Society and congregation of First Church, Akron, Ohio, wish to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Leah McKinley, Mrs. Ethel Hay, Mrs. Emma Finley and Mrs. Bertha Sissler, who were called to their heavenly home during the year of 1953.

We shall always cherish their faithfulness to the church and to the society. Their long years of service to their Master will continue to be an inspiration to all who knew and loved them.

To their husbands and children, and other loved ones we extend our deepest sympathy.

Chairman

Mrs. Leah McKinley

Mr. E. R. McKinley wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of his wife, Leah, who went to her heavenly home July 6, 1953, a few days after a tragic automobile accident.

She had been a member of First Church for many years and treasurer of the Women's Missionary Society for over ten years and was faithful to her church and home duties.

She will be remembered for her cheerful spirit and helpful ways. All will miss her greatly but her loving memory is carved forever in the hearts of all who knew and loved her.

Chairman

Miss Viola Wright

Miss Viola Wright will be affectionately remembered by the close friends and associates of the United Presbyterian Church of Carrollton, Ohio. She was interested in all good works in the church and community. She was a consistent and conscientious worker for the cause of temperance.

Miss Wright was a Life Member of the Women's General Missionary Society and for many years gave of her time, talent, and means to the Kingdom's work.

She evidenced her interest in missions in a concrete way by making a generous gift to the Women's Board and also for the support of an Indian girl in the care of her missionary cousin—Miss Vida Graham.

The memory of Miss Wright's devotion and faithfulness will remain as an inspiration to all who knew her, for years to come.

Her brother, the Rev. Mr. F. G. Wright of Erwin, Pennsylvania, is the only survivor of her immediate family. To him, we extend our most sincere sympathy and commend him to the loving care of the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort who comforteth us in every tribulation.

The Committee

Amanda Kirkpatrick

The Women's Missionary Society of the Beracha Church of Plumville, Pa., wishes to pay a tribute of love to the memory of Amanda Kirkpatrick who recently passed away at the age of 95 years.

She was a life member, charter member, and had a keen interest in missionary work.

We shall cherish the memory of her fine Christian character and faithfulness in the work of the church.

To her loved ones we extend our deepest sympathy.

Emma Douds
Mary Wood
Zella Stuchel

Mabel Lukehart
Maude Stuchell

The Women's Missionary Society of the Beracha Church of Plumville Pa., wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of two most faithful members, Mabel Luke-

hart and Maude Stuchell, twin sisters who recently passed away.

Their Christian influence will live on in the hearts of others.

Their deep interest in all activities of the church will be greatly missed.

To their brother, Harry, we extend sincere sympathy.

Emma Douds
Mary Wood
Zella Stuchel

Mrs. H. T. McLaughlin

The Missionary Guild of the First United Presbyterian Church, Steubenville, Ohio, wishes to pay tribute to the memory of Mrs. Jeannette McGowan McLaughlin who was called to her heavenly home November 27, 1953. She was the widow of Dr. H. T. McLaughlin, a former missionary to the Sudan. She was a life-long member of this church, ever a faithful worker in all the activities, especially in the Sabbath School. Her greatest interest was in missionary work and workers, many of whom were her personal friends. She will be greatly missed in the foreign work. She was a Life Member of the WGMS.

To her family we extend our sympathy.

Committee

Mrs. Mary Elliott Sharp

Mrs. Mary Elliott Sharp died very suddenly this past summer, August 31, 1953, after a serious operation. She was 63 years of age. She had been a member of the First United Presbyterian Church of Butler, Pennsylvania, for the past thirty years. She had also served as teacher of a Women's Bible Class for some time. Her manner was quiet and unassuming, but she always manifested a deep interest in all activities of the church. Mrs. Sharp was a graduate of Geneva College as was also her husband, Mr. James Ronald Sharp, who preceded her in death two years earlier. She is survived by three daughters and one grandchild.

Submitted in loving memory by her daughter,

Miss Elizabeth Sharp

Mrs. Emmet E. Erskine*

The Missionary Guild of the First United Presbyterian Church, Steubenville, Ohio, wishes to pay tribute to the memory of Mrs. Eleanor Alexander Erskine who was called to her heavenly home November 25, 1953. She was the widow of Mr. Emmet E. Erskine. She was a life-long member of this church and a most faithful worker in all its activities and also an active worker in the civic interests of the city, especially in the Jefferson County Home for Aged Women. She was a Life Member of the WGMS.

To her loved ones we extend sympathy.

Committee

*Mrs. E. E. Erskine will be remembered by many as the gracious President of the WGMS Convention which met at Grove City, Pa., in 1935.—Editor.

Mrs. Mary C. Myers

The Missionary Society of Crete U.P. Church, located near Indiana, Pa., wishes to pay respectful tribute to the memory of Mrs. Mary C. Myers who passed to her reward Jan. 8, 1954.

To her family and loved ones is extended deep sympathy. "Blessed is everyone that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways."

She was a faithful member of the society for forty-eight years, and had been a Life Member many years.

We cherish her good works, and are comforted in the knowledge that they will be remembered by her family and friends.

Committee

CLOTHING STORE AT FRENCHBURG

(*Continued from Page* 502)

and we never have enough things for them.

At the noon hour in the school lunchroom when the different grades are in line waiting to be served, we like to see how many children are wearing clothes purchased by their mothers at the clothing store. These children would not have clothing to go to school if they could not get it at such a low price. Many things are bought for one member of the family and if they do not fit that one, they can be used by another child.

Our B.B.'s (Bargain Boxes) are our specialty. Once they buy one they are sure to come back for another one later. We guarantee they will get their money's worth and they tell us that the whole family has a good time going through them.

Some of the things which are always good sale are jewelry, quilt patches, bedspreads, pillow cases, sheets, towels, pajamas, slips, men's suits, shirts, overalls, shoes and anything else that is fit to be used. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Mrs. Clinnie Patterson

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY

INDIAN MISSIONS

Miss Agnes Ruth Bond ..... Wheelock Academy, Millerton, Okla.
Rev. H. W. Gordon ..... R.D. 1, Stilwell, Okla.
Rev. E. W. Machamer ..... Warm Springs, Oregon
Rev. Louis Mitchell ..... Tama, Iowa
Mr. E. A. Penney ..... Simnasho, Oregon
Rev. F. C. Patterson, Oljato Christian Mission ..... Kayenta, Arizona
Freight and Express address .. Flagstaff, Arizona

MOUNTAIN MISSIONS

FRENCHBURG, KY. SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. Arthur Gathman .. Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Marian Scott, Prin. H.S. .... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Lester McCauley, Prin. Grades . Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. David Anderson ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Carolyn Arndt ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Clay Banks ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice Childs ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Florence Eiler, Dorm. Matron . Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mary Virginia Hager ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Irene Hays ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice Hesselink ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Alice Hughes ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Janet Jones ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. S. O. Linderholm ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. S. O. Linderholm, Secretary .. Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alberta McBride ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Helen McCoy ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Reba Moody ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Rebecca Morriss ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Barbara Novosal ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Clinnie Patterson, Clothing .. Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Bertha Pecht ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Robert Randall ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Leah Stephens ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. John Teed, Maintenance ..... Frenchburg, Ky.

FRENCHBURG, KY. CHURCH

Rev. James E. Eddy, Minister ..... Frenchburg, Ky.

JANE COOK HOSPITAL

Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., Supervisor ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mary Olive Cochran, R.N. .... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Jean Mannix, R.N. ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Prudie Dalton, Aide ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Bernice Olson, Technician .... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Jane Everson, Dietitian ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Joan Johnston, Office ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Dr. and Mrs. Donald Graves ..... Frenchburg, Ky.

EZEL, KENTUCKY SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. Wm. A. Heagen ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Larue Millen, Principal ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Wanda Aigner ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Ruth A. Bemis ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Albert H. H. Dorsey, Agriculture .. Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Homer C. Haines ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Zillah Hawthorne, Secretary ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Glen Helton ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Beulah Hogan ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Betty Kasbek ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Fred S. (Ann Adair) McGeoch ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gladys Millen ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Ottis Murphy ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Ora Mynhier ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gene Purdy ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Lois Raube ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Stanley Trimble, Coach ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Eliza Hulick, Clothes Room ..... Ezel, Ky.

Boxes sent to Frenchburg by parcel post or motor freight should be addressed to Mr. Arthur Gathman, Frenchburg School, Frenchburg, Ky., and those sent by railroad or express should be addressed to Mr. Arthur Gathman, Frenchburg School, Mt. Sterling, Ky. For Ezel, to Mr. William A. Heagen, Ezel School, Ezel, Ky., if by parcel post or motor freight, but to Mr. William A. Heagen, Ezel School, Mt. Sterling, Ky., if sent by railroad freight or express.

EZEL CHURCH

Homer Haines ..... Ezel, Ky.

CITY AND PRESBYTERIAL

Miss Jean Dickey
Room 410, 270 Fairmont Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
Miss Esther M. Jones 422 Greenleaf, Evanston, Ill.
Miss Dorothy Partington ..... Westland, Pa.
Mrs. R. G. Russell
..... 36 Church St., Burgettstown, Pa.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Miss Margaret Beveridge
..... U. P. Home, Washington, Ia.
Miss Sallie E. Dickey
c/o D. H. Dickey, 127 Church St., Punxsutawney, Pa.

NEGRO MISSIONS

ARLINGTON INSTITUTE

Mr. K. P. Thomas, Superintendent .. Annemanie, Ala.
Miss Georga Lee Jackson ..... Annemanie, Ala.
Mrs. Willie Knight ..... Annemanie, Ala.
Mrs. K. P. Thomas ..... Annemanie, Ala.

CAMDEN ACADEMY

Supt. and Mrs. A. C. Peoples ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Harry W. McKeldin, Ass't Prin. .. Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Minnie T. Alford ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. William B. Ballard ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Hazel Ballard ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Francis Boyd ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Rudolph Cooper ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Nora S. Daniels ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Amanda E. Freeman ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Izetta S. McCaskill ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Thomas Van McDowell ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Elizabeth M. Parrish ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Geraldyne Pettway ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Neola P. Reese ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mayme Smith ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mattie L. Street ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Mabel Thomas ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. James Tyree ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mildred Tyree ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Lizzie Washington ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Alice B. Whitaker ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Cora Whorter ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. B. D. Bridges, Dietitian ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Sarah W. Rivers, Matron ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Minnie Peoples, Laundress ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Martin Dees, Maintenance ..... Camden, Ala.
Rev. James Reese, Pastor at Camden and Miller's Ferry ..... Camden, Ala.

THYNE INSTITUTE

Mrs. Grayce S. Hudley, Bible ..... Chase City, Va.

JUBILEE HOSPITAL

Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R.N., Supt. ... Henderson, N. C.
Miss Gertrude Allen, R.N. ..... Henderson, N. C.
(Four other graduate nurses)
(Twelve other aides and workers)

HENDERSON INSTITUTE

Miss Eva Thomas, Bible ..... Henderson, N. C.

KNOXVILLE COLLEGE

Mrs. Geneva Arnold ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Lillian Jenkins ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mr. Paul Redden ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Mozelle Robinson ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Miss Mabel Weir ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Mildred Wellman ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Elberta Woods ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. P. H. Parker, Church Missionary ..... Knoxville, Tenn.

MILLER'S FERRY MISSION

Supt. and Mrs. B. T. Ridgeway .. Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Edith Ervin ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Ferdinand Ervin ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Olivia Hamilton ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Curtis Lewis ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Darthular Mangram ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. C. T. Patterson ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Roma Patterson ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Frederick Reese ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Gloria Ridgeway ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Alice R. Scott ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Thomas Threadgill, Bible .. Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Dorothy Veasley ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. N. D. Williams ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Annie M. McDowell, Girls' Matron ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Herman Bridges, General Worker ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.

PRAIRIE, ALA.

Mr. William T. Peters, Supt. ..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Helena Shelby ..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Leola Jackson ..... Prairie, Ala.
Miss Vashti Jones ..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. D. C. McCall ..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. William T. Peters ..... Prairie, Ala.
Rev. C. C. Brown, Pastor at Prairie and Annemanie 625 Jeff Davis Ave., Selma, Ala.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Mrs. Patsy Kennedy
..... 717½ Norwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio
Miss Josephine Warren
% Rev. Irvin Elligan, 819 College Ave., N.W., Knoxville, Tenn.
Rev. and Mrs. D. F. White
..... 825 First Avenue, Selma, Alabama

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE W. G. M. S.

c/o American Mission should be added to each foreign address

EGYPT

Mrs. Sara E. Baker, 1950 ..... Assiut
Miss Helen R. Brownlee, R. N., 1931 ..... Assiut
Miss Mary Frances Dawson, 1922; 1945 ..... Cairo
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926 ..... Assiut
Miss Marjorie J. Dye, 1951 ..... Cairo
Miss Lois M. Finney, 1953 ..... Cairo
Miss Davida M. Finney, 1915 ..... Cairo
Miss Elsie M. French, 1909 ..... Cairo
Miss Martha C. Glass, 1921 ..... Luxor
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929 ..... Tanta
Miss Alice M. Grimes, 1924 ..... Cairo
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926 ..... Benha
Miss Helen J. Martin, 1915 ..... Cairo
Miss Jeannette L. McCrory, 1916
..... 37 Sidi el Metwali, Alexandria
Miss Evelyn McFarland, 1919; 1949 ..... Cairo
Miss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921 ..... Beni Suef
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924 ..... Tanta
Miss Frances M. Patton, 1922 ..... Mansura
Mrs. Rachel T. Seiver, 1925 ..... Fayoum
Miss Inez M. Sutton, 1949 ..... Luxor
Miss Marie F. Tait, 1925; 1948 ..... Assiut
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917 ..... Assiut
Miss Helen M. Walker, 1930 ..... Assiut
Miss Ethel L. Weed, 1919 ..... Alexandria
Miss Elizabeth M. Wilson, 1932
..... 9 Sharia Massoud, Abbassia, Cairo
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919 ..... Luxor
Miss Laura B. Wright, 1921 ..... Minia

On Furlough

Miss Beatrice H. McClellan, 1948
..... 235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Miss Sarah B. Meloy, 1923
..... 220 S. Hutchison, Muncie, Indiana
Miss Martha A. Roy, 1938
..... Apt. 9D, 540 East 20th, New York 10, N. Y.
Miss Alberta A. Tedford, R.N., 1947
..... R.D. 1, Albia, Iowa
Miss Mary C. Thompson, 1939
..... Box 744, Sanford, Fla.
Miss Margaret A. Work, 1924**
..... E. Platte Ave., Fort Morgan, Colo.

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Miss M. Marie Allison, 1952 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1924 ..... Lahore
Miss R. Jean Black, 1921 ..... Pasrur
Miss Frances E. Brown, 1927; 1937 ..... Lyallpur
Miss Audrey C. Campbell, 1953 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Florence M. Carithers, R.N., 1953 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Marie E. Cash, R.N., 1926 ..... Pasrur
Miss M. Evelyn Catheart, 1925 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Margaret J. Fehlman, 1913 ..... Rawalpindi
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R.N.A., 1924 ..... Jhelum
Miss Alice G. Hill, 1938 ..... Sargodha
Miss Mary H. Lentz, R.N., 1950 ..... Taxila
Miss Barbara A. Lewis, 1953 ..... Sialkot City
Miss M. Frances Lincoln, R.N., 1920 ..... Sargodha
Miss Laura R. MacLachlan, 1938 ..... Sheikhupura
Miss Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N., 1937 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924 ..... Sangla Hill
Miss Dorothy B. Roberts, 1952 ..... Sheikhupura
Miss Louise E. Scott, 1916 ..... Gujranwala
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924 ..... Sargodha
Miss Elizabeth H. Turner, R.N., 1947 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Helen V. Weede, 1928 ..... Campbellpur
Miss Josephine L. White, 1951 ..... Sialkot City

On Furlough

Miss Margaret E. Ballantyne, 1941
..... 235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Miss N. Addaline Brandon, 1921
..... 235 E. 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Miss Theresa I. Brownlee, 1922 ..... Sylvia, Kansas
Miss Edith M. Drake, 1947
..... 238 S. Market St., New Wilmington, Pa.
Miss Eva M. Hewitt, 1930
..... 235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Miss Reba C. Hunsberger, M.D., 1921
..... 5914 Pulaski Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa.
Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., 1933 ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Marian T. Peterson, 1930
..... 235 E. 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.

PUNJAB, INDIA

Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922 ..... Pathankot
Miss Dorothy M. Neff, 1952 ..... Pathankot
Miss Vivian L. Trimble, 1921 ..... Pathankot

On Furlough

Miss S. Jane Lamont, 1928
..... 440 Cayuga St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Willa M. Ramsey, 1921
..... % Rev. F. G. Wright, R. D. 2, Irwin, Pa.

THE SUDAN

Miss Mary Anna Bode, 1952 ..... Omdurman
Miss Mary E. Cole, 1919 ..... Wad Medani
Miss Una Cole, 1915 ..... Gedaref
Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N., 1940 ..... Doleib Hill
Miss Marian I. Farquhar, 1945 ..... Nasir
Miss Ray Huffman, R.N., 1924 ..... Nasir
Miss Rosaltha Kenagy, 1950 ..... Atbara
Miss Aleta J. Matthews, 1946 ..... Khartoum North
Miss Jean Maxwell, M.N., 1946 ..... Nasir
Miss Marguerite M. McClellan, 1926
..... Box 84, Khartoum North
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922 ..... Atbara
Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930 ..... Omdurman
Miss Dorothy L. Rankin, 1946 ..... Doleib Hill
Miss Mary K. Smith, M.D., 1944 ..... Nasir
Miss M. Evelyn Stewart, 1952 ..... Omdurman
Miss Helena G. Tetley, 1951 ..... Doleib Hill
Miss Frances Turk, R.N., 1921
..... P. O. Box 155, El Obeid
Miss Ruth E. Wilson, 1951 ..... Atbara

On Furlough

Miss Eleanor C. Vandevort, 1949
..... Box 81, R.D. 1, Wexford, Pa.
Miss Joan E. Yilek, 1948
..... 235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.

ETHIOPIA

Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R.N., 1929 ..... Gore
Miss Isabel Blair, 1922 ..... Sayo
Miss Eileen Halewood, R.N., 1947 ..... Maji
Miss Mary Nell Harper, R.N., 1948 ..... Sayo
Miss Norma H. Knieriemen, R.N., 1953 ..... Addis Ababa
Miss Marguerite M. Lienard, 1948 ..... Sayo
Miss Martha A. Maxwell, R.N., 1951 ..... Sayo
Miss Ruth E. McCreery, 1950 ..... Addis Ababa
Miss Hazel J. McGeary, 1946 ..... Maji
Mrs. A. W. Pollock, R.N., 1942 ..... Addis, Ababa
Mrs. Ruth L. Walker, 1923 ..... Ghimeera
Send all Ethiopia mail to Box 1111, Addis Ababa.

On Furlough

Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N. 1938**
578 Sheffield Drive, Springfield, Delaware Co., Pa.
Miss Ruth M. Nichol, 1933
..... 331 Park Ave., Nutley 10, N. J.

Under Appointment

Miss Beverly J. Day, 1953
..... 68 Ash Ave., Cranston 10, R. I.
Miss Faith E. Hamilton, 1954
..... 1103 6th St., S., Nampa, Idaho
Miss Louisa G. Hines, R.N., 1953
..... 196 Pleasant St., Brockton, Mass.
Miss Mary L. Markley, 1954 ..... R. D. 1, Cadiz, Ohio
Miss Norma Lee Squires, 1954
..... 6200 Latona, Seattle 5, Wash.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

EGYPT

Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911
..... United Presbyterian Home, Washington, Iowa
Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909
..... 1214 5th Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1908; 1918
..... 225 E. Broadway, Newton, Kansas
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894
..... 121 North 7th St., Sterling, Kansas
Miss Rena L. Hogg, 1899 ..... Assiut, Egypt
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921
..... 5528 Wayne Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa.
Miss Dora B. Mason, 1918
..... % U.P. Home for Children, R.D. 1, Mars, Pa.
Miss Carol E. McMillan, 1906
..... 1203 E. Washington St., Washington, Ia.
Miss Marion A. Paden, 1902
..... % Mrs. Campbell, 1444 Indiana Ave., Connersville, Ind.
Miss M. Stella Robertson, 1922
..... Five Shoregate, Crail, Fife, Scotland
Mrs. Jane Smith Simpson, 1922
..... 228 E. Main St., Ligonier, Pa.
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911
..... 102 W. Poplar St., Grove City, Pa.
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904
..... 306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Ida Whiteside, 1913; 1935
..... 25 Prospect St., Greenwich, N. Y.
Miss Ruth M. Williamson 1924; 1944
..... 505 S. Main St., Greensburg, Pa.

PAKISTAN-INDIA

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881
..... 306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908
..... 764—22nd St., San Diego 2, Calif.
Miss M. Lois Boyd, 1918 ..... % Mrs. John Smiley, 311 N. St. Louis St., Sparta, Ill.
Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884
..... Box 992, Santa Ana, California
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913
..... 6549 Emerald Ave., Chicago 21, Ill.
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1893 ..... Pattersonville, N. Y.
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896 ..... Eldora, Iowa
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903
..... 306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904
..... 425 N. Galloway St., Xenia, Ohio
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891
..... 325 W. 7th St., Rushville, Indiana
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902
..... 306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Georga Wengert, 1919 ..... Lobo, Kansas

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

Miss Elsie E. Greve, 1912
..... Caroline Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Miss Aulora R. McIntyre, 1911; 1919
..... 1203 E. Washington St., Washington, Ia.

**Leave of absence for family reasons. (Note: All short-termers are listed in the Foreign Department.)

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY

INDIAN MISSIONS

Miss Agnes Ruth Bond ..... Wheelock Academy, Millerton, Okla.
Rev. H. W. Gordon ..... R.D. 1, Stilwell, Okla.
Rev. E. W. Machamer ..... Warm Springs, Oregon
Rev. Louis Mitchell ..... Tama, Iowa
Mr. E. A. Penney ..... Simnasho, Oregon
Rev. F. C. Patterson, Oljato Christian Mission ..... Kayenta, Arizona
Freight and Express address .. Flagstaff, Arizona

MOUNTAIN MISSIONS

FRENCHBURG, KY. SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. Arthur Gathman .. Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Marian Scott, Prin. H.S. .. Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Lester McCauley, Prin. Grades .. Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. David Anderson ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Carolyn Arndt ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Clay Banks ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice Childs ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Florence Eiler, Dorm. Matron .. Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mary Virginia Hager ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Irene Hays ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice Hesselink ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Alice Hughes ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Janet Jones ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. S. O. Linderholm ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. S. O. Linderholm, Secretary .. Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alberta McBride ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Helen McCoy ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Reba Moody ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Rebecca Morriss ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Barbara Novosal ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Clinnie Patterson, Clothing .. Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Bertha Pecht ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Robert Randall ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Leah Stephens ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. John Teed, Maintenance ..... Frenchburg, Ky.

FRENCHBURG, KY. CHURCH

Rev. James E. Eddy, Minister ..... Frenchburg, Ky.

JANE COOK HOSPITAL

Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., Supervisor ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mary Olive Cochran, R.N. .... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Jean Mannix, R.N. ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Prudie Dalton, Aide ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Bernice Olson, Technician .... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Jane Everson, Dietitian ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Joan Johnston, Office ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Dr. and Mrs. Donald Graves ..... Frenchburg, Ky.

EZEL, KENTUCKY SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. Wm. A. Heagen ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Larue Millen, Principal ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Wanda Aigner ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Ruth A. Bemis ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Albert H. H. Dorsey, Agriculture .. Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Homer C. Haines ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Zillah Hawthorne, Secretary ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Glen Helton ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Beulah Hogan ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Betty Kazbek ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Fred S. (Ann Adair) McGeoch ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gladys Millen ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Ottis Murphy ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Ora Mynhier ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gene Purdy ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Lois Raube ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Stanley Trimble, Coach ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Eliza Hulick, Clothes Room ..... Ezel, Ky.

Boxes sent to Frenchburg by parcel post or motor freight should be addressed to Mr. Arthur Gathman, Frenchburg School, Frenchburg, Ky., and those sent by railroad or express should be addressed to Mr. Arthur Gathman, Frenchburg School, Mt. Sterling, Ky. For Ezel, to Mr. William A. Heagen, Ezel School, Ezel, Ky., if by parcel post or motor freight, but to Mr. William A. Heagen, Ezel School, Mt. Sterling, Ky., if sent by railroad freight or express.

EZEL CHURCH

Homer Haines ..... Ezel, Ky.

CITY AND PRESBYTERIAL

Miss Jean Dickey
Room 410, 270 Fairmont Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
Miss Esther M. Jones 422 Greenleaf, Evanston, Ill.
Miss Dorothy Partington ..... Westland, Pa.
Mrs. R. G. Russell
..... 36 Church St., Burgettstown, Pa.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Miss Margaret Beveridge
..... U. P. Home, Washington, Ia.
Miss Sallie E. Dickey
c/o D. H. Dickey, 127 Church St.,
Punxsutawney, Pa.

NEGRO MISSIONS

ARLINGTON INSTITUTE

Mr. K. P. Thomas, Superintendent .. Annemanie, Ala.
Miss Georga Lee Jackson ..... Annemanie, Ala.
Mrs. Willie Knight ..... Annemanie, Ala.
Mrs. K. P. Thomas ..... Annemanie, Ala.

CAMDEN ACADEMY

Supt. and Mrs. A. C. Peoples ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Harry W. McKeldin, Ass't Prin. .. Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Minnie T. Alford ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. William B. Ballard ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Hazel Ballard ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Francis Boyd ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Rudolph Cooper ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Nora S. Daniels ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Amanda E. Freeman ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Izetta S. McCaskill ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Thomas Van McDowell ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Elizabeth M. Parrish ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Geraldyne Pettway ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Neola P. Reese ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mayme Smith ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mattie L. Street ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Mabel Thomas ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. James Tyree ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mildred Tyree ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Lizzie Washington ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Alice B. Whitaker ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Cora Whorter ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. B. D. Bridges, Dietitian ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Sarah W. Rivers, Matron ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Minnie Peoples, Laundress ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Martin Dees, Maintenance ..... Camden, Ala.
Rev. James Reese, Pastor at Camden and Miller's Ferry ..... Camden, Ala.

THYNE INSTITUTE

Mrs. Grayce S. Hudley, Bible ..... Chase City, Va.

JUBILEE HOSPITAL

Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R.N., Supt. .... Henderson, N. C.
Miss Gertrude Allen, R.N. ..... Henderson, N. C.
(Four other graduate nurses)
(Twelve other aides and workers)

HENDERSON INSTITUTE

Miss Eva Thomas, Bible ..... Henderson, N. C.

KNOXVILLE COLLEGE

Mrs. Geneva Arnold ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Lillian Jenkins ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mr. Paul Redden ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Mozelle Robinson ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Miss Mabel Weir ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Mildred Wellman ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Elberta Woods ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. P. H. Parker, Church Missionary ..... Knoxville, Tenn.

MILLER'S FERRY MISSION

Supt. and Mrs. B. T. Ridgeway .. Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Edith Ervin ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Ferdinand Ervin ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Olivia Hamilton ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Curtis Lewis ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Darthular Mangram ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. C. T. Patterson ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Roma Patterson ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Frederick Reese ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Gloria Ridgeway ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Alice R. Scott ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Thomas Threadgill, Bible .. Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Dorothy Veasley ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. N. D. Williams ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Annie M. McDowell, Girls' Matron ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Herman Bridges, General Worker ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.

PRAIRIE, ALA.

Mr. William T. Peters, Supt. ..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Helena Shelby ..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Leola Jackson ..... Prairie, Ala.
Miss Vashti Jones ..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. D. C. McCall ..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. William T. Peters ..... Prairie, Ala.
Rev. C. C. Brown, Pastor at Prairie and Annemanie
625 Jeff Davis Ave., Selma, Ala.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Mrs. Patsy Kennedy
..... 717½ Norwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio
Miss Josephine Warren
% Rev. Irvin Elligan, 819 College Ave., N.W.,
Knoxville, Tenn.
Rev. and Mrs. D. F. White
..... 825 First Avenue, Selma, Alabama

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE W. G. M. S.

c/o American Mission should be added to each foreign address

EGYPT

rs. Sara E. Baker, 1950 ..... Assiut
iss Helen R. Brownlee, R. N., 1931 ..... Assiut
iss Mary Frances Dawson, 1922; 1945 ..... Cairo
rs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926 ..... Assiut
iss Marjorie J. Dye, 1951 ..... Cairo
iss Lois M. Finney, 1953 ..... Cairo
iss Davida M. Finney, 1915 ..... Cairo
iss Elsie M. French, 1909 ..... Cairo
iss Martha C. Glass, 1921 ..... Luxor
iss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929 ..... Tanta
iss Alice M. Grimes, 1924 ..... Cairo
iss Lois D. Kingan, 1926 ..... Benha
iss Helen J. Martin, 1915 ..... Cairo
iss Jeannette L. McCrory, 1916 .....
..... 37 Sidi el Metwali, Alexandria
iss Evelyn McFarland, 1919; 1949 ..... Cairo
iss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921 ..... Beni Suef
iss Venna R. Patterson, 1924 ..... Tanta
iss Frances M. Patton, 1922 ..... Mansura
rs. Rachel T. Seiver, 1925 ..... Fayoum
iss Inez M. Sutton, 1949 ..... Luxor
iss Marie F. Tait, 1925; 1948 ..... Assiut
iss Mary L. Thompson, 1917 ..... Assiut
iss Helen M. Walker, 1930 ..... Assiut
iss Ethel L. Weed, 1919 ..... Alexandria
iss Elizabeth M. Wilson, 1932 .....
..... 9 Sharia Massoud, Abbassia, Cairo
iss Esther W. Wilson, 1919 ..... Luxor
iss Laura B. Wright, 1921 ..... Minia

On Furlough

s Beatrice H. McClellan, 1948 .....
..... 235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
s Sarah B. Meloy, 1923 .....
..... 220 S. Hutchison, Muncie, Indiana
s Martha A. Roy, 1938 .....
..... Apt. 9D, 540 East 20th, New York 10, N. Y.
s Alberta A. Tedford, R.N., 1947 .....
..... R.D. 1, Albia, Iowa
s Mary C. Thompson, 1939 .....
..... Box 744, Sanford, Fla.
s Margaret A. Work, 1924** .....
..... E. Platte Ave., Fort Morgan, Colo.

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

s M. Marie Allison, 1952 ..... Sialkot City
s Ruth I. Ardrey, 1924 ..... Lahore
s R. Jean Black, 1921 ..... Pasrur
s Frances E. Brown, 1927; 1937 ..... Lyallpur
s Audrey C. Campbell, 1953 ..... Sialkot City
s Florence M. Carithers, R.N., 1953 Sialkot City
s Marie E. Cash, R.N., 1926 ..... Pasrur
s M. Evelyn Cathcart, 1925 ..... Sialkot City
s Margaret J. Fehlman, 1913 ..... Rawalpindi
s Evva P. Hartig, R.N.A., 1924 ..... Jhelum
s Alice G. Hill, 1938 ..... Sargodha
s Mary H. Lentz, R.N., 1950 ..... Taxila
s Barbara A. Lewis, 1953 ..... Sialkot City
s M. Frances Lincoln, R.N., 1920 ..... Sargodha
s Laura R. MacLachlan, 1938 ..... Sheikhupura
s Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N., 1937 Sialkot City
s Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924 ..... Sangla Hill
s Dorothy B. Roberts, 1952 ..... Sheikhupura
s Louise E. Scott, 1916 ..... Gujranwala
s Laura Reynolds, 1924 ..... Sargodha
s Elizabeth H. Turner, R.N., 1947 Sialkot City
s Helen V. Weede, 1928 ..... Campbellpur
s Josephine L. White, 1951 ..... Sialkot City

On Furlough

s Margaret E. Ballantyne, 1941 .....
..... 235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
s N. Addaline Brandon, 1931 .....
..... 235 E. 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
s Theresa I. Brownlee, 1922 ..... Sylvia, Kansas
s Edith M. Drake, 1947 .....
..... 238 S. Market St., New Wilmington, Pa.
s Eva M. Hewitt, 1930 .....
..... 235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
s Reba C. Hunsberger, M.D., 1921 .....
..... 5914 Pulaski Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa.
s Glendine Lundquist, R.N., 1933 Frenchburg, Ky.
s Marian T. Peterson, 1920 .....
..... 235 E. 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.

PUNJAB, INDIA

s Vida J. Graham, 1922 ..... Pathankot
s Dorothy M. Neff, 1952 ..... Pathankot
s Vivian L. Trimble, 1921 ..... Pathankot

On Furlough

s S. Jane Lamont, 1928 .....
..... 440 Cayuga St., Philadelphia, Pa.
s Willa M. Ramsey, 1921 .....
..... % Rev. F. G. Wright, R. D. 2, Irwin, Pa.

THE SUDAN

s Mary Anna Bode, 1952 ..... Omdurman
s Mary E. Cole, 1919 ..... Wad Medani
s Una Cole, 1918 ..... Gedaref
s Mary V. Ewing, R.N., 1940 ..... Doleib Hill
s Marian I. Farquhar, 1945 ..... Nasir
s Ray Huffman, R.N., 1924 ..... Nasir
s Rosaltha Kenagy, 1950 ..... Athara
s Aleta J. Matthews, 1946 ..... Khartoum North
s Jean Maxwell, M.N., 1946 ..... Nasir
s Marguerite M. McClellan, 1926 .....
..... Box 34, Khartoum North
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922 ..... Atbara
Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930 ..... Omdurman
Miss Dorothy L. Rankin, 1946 ..... Doleib Hill
Miss Mary K. Smith, M.D., 1944 ..... Nasir
Miss M. Evelyn Stewart, 1952 ..... Omdurman
Miss Helena G. Tetley, 1951 ..... Doleib Hill
Miss Frances Turk, R.N., 1921 .....
..... P. O. Box 155, El Obeid
Miss Ruth E. Wilson, 1951 ..... Atbara

On Furlough

Miss Eleanor C. Vandevort, 1949 .....
..... Box 81, R.D. 1, Wexford, Pa.
Miss Joan E. Yilek, 1948 .....
..... 235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.

ETHIOPIA

Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R.N., 1920 ..... Gorgi
Miss Isabel Blair, 1922 ..... Sayo
Miss Eileen Halewood, R.N., 1947 ..... Maji
Miss Mary Nell Harper, R.N., 1948 ..... Sayo
Miss Norma H. Knieriemen, R.N., 1953 Addis Ababa
Miss Marguerite M. Lienard, 1948 ..... Sayo
Miss Martha A. Maxwell, R.N., 1951 ..... Sayo
Miss Ruth E. McCreery, 1950 ..... Addis Ababa
Miss Hazel J. McGeary, 1946 ..... Maji
Mrs. A. W. Pollock, R.N., 1942 ..... Addis, Ababa
Mrs. Ruth L. Walker, 1923 ..... Ghimeera
Send all Ethiopia mail to Box 1111, Addis Ababa.

On Furlough

Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N. 1938** .....
578 Sheffield Drive, Springfield, Delaware Co., Pa.
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..... 331 Park Ave., Nutley 10, N. J.

Under Appointment

Miss Beverly J. Day, 1953 .....
..... 68 Ash Ave., Cranston 10, R. I.
Miss Faith E. Hamilton, 1954 .....
..... 1103 6th St., S., Nampa, Idaho
Miss Louisa G. Hines, R.N., 1953 .....
..... 196 Pleasant St., Brockton, Mass.
Miss Mary L. Markley, 1954 ..... R. D. 1, Cadiz, Ohio
Miss Norma Lee Squires, 1954 .....
..... 6200 Latona, Seattle 5, Wash.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

EGYPT

Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911
United Presbyterian Home, Washington, Iowa
Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909
1214 5th Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1908; 1918
225 E. Broadway, Newton, Kansas
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121 North 7th St., Sterling, Kansas
Miss Rena L. Hogg, 1899 ..... Assiut, Egypt
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1203 E. Washington St., Washington, Ia.
Miss Marion A. Paden, 1902
% Mrs. Campbell, 1444 Indiana Ave., Connersville, Ind.
Miss M. Stella Robertson, 1922
Five Shoregate, Crail, Fife, Scotland
Mrs. Jane Smith Simpson, 1922
225 E. Main St., Ligonier, Pa.
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911
102 W. Poplar St., Grove City, Pa.
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806 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Ida Whiteside, 1913; 1935
25 Prospect St., Greenwich, N. Y.
Miss Ruth M. Williamson 1924; 1944
505 S. Main St., Greensburg, Pa.

PAKISTAN-INDIA

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881
806 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908
754—22nd St., San Diego 2, Calif.
Miss M. Lois Boyd, 1918 ..... % Mrs. John Smiley, 311 N. St. Louis St., Sparta, Ill.
Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884
Box 992, Santa Ana, California
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913
6549 Emerald Ave., Chicago 21, Ill.
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1893 ..... Pattersonville, N. Y.
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896 ..... Eldora, Iowa
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903
806 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904
425 N. Galloway St., Xenia, Ohio
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891
325 W. 7th St., Rushville, Indiana
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902
806 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Georgia Wengert, 1919 ..... Lebo, Kansas

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

Miss Elsie E. Greve, 1912
Caroline Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Miss Aulora R. McIntyre, 1911; 1919
1203 E. Washington St., Washington, Ia.

eave of absence for family reasons. (Note: All short-termers are listed in the Foreign Department.)

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF MISSIONARIES UNDER THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

c/o American Mission should be added to each foreign address

EGYPT

Mr. and Mrs. Judson W. Allen ..... Cairo
Rev. and Mrs. Eugene H. Ammon ..... Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. Ewing M. Bailey
3 Sharia Mehalia, Heliopolis, Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Elder ..... Cairo
Rev. and Mrs. K. G. Fleming ..... Alexandria
Dr. and Mrs. Paul W. Jamison ..... Tanta
Dr. and Mrs. N. A. Kraft ..... Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. John G. Lorimer ..... Cairo
Rev. and Mrs. Paul H. McClanahan ..... Assiut
Mr. Everett W. McCreery ..... Assiut
Rev. H. A. McGeoch, D.D. ..... Alexandria
Rev. and Mrs. W. A. McGill ..... Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. R. T. McLaughlin ..... Fayoum
*Rev. and Mrs. George E. Morrison ..... Luxor
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nolin ..... Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. James W. Pollock ..... Tanta
Dr. and Mrs. Walter J. Skellie ..... Assiut
Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Turnbull ..... Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Watkins ..... Assiut

On Furlough

Dr. and Mrs. Orval L. Hamm ..... Gardner, Kansas
Mrs. H. A. McGeoch
Lakeside Ave., New Concord, Ohio
Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Hutchison
R.D. 1, Claysville, Pa.
Dr. and Mrs. John A. Thompson
1137 E. 60th St., Chicago 37, Illinois

PUNJAB, INDIA

Rev. and Mrs. L. A. McCulloch ..... Dhariwal
Dr. and Mrs. J. Morgan McKelvey ..... Gurdaspur

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Rev. and Mrs. Joseph C. Alter ..... Sialkot
Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Brown ..... Gujranwala
Dr. and Mrs. Norval E. Christy ..... Taxila
Dr. and Mrs. E. V. Clements ..... Pasrur
Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Cummings ..... Rawalpindi
Rev. and Mrs. Robert A. Foster ..... Sialkot
Rev. and Mrs. John D. Harkness ..... Sargodha
*Mrs. Horace J. McGuill ..... Taxila
Rev. and Mrs. C. Emerson McBane ..... Gujranwala
Rev. and Mrs. Paul A. Miller ..... Gujranwala
Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Millson ..... Jhelum
Dr. and Mrs. Hugh M. Milne ..... Qila Sheikhupura
Rev. and Mrs. Paul Pulliam ..... Sialkot
Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Rose ..... Lyallpur
Rev. and Mrs. G. LeRoy Selby ..... Lyallpur
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stewart ..... Rawalpindi
Dr. and Mrs. Harris J. Stewart ..... Gujranwala
Dr. R. R. Stewart ..... Rawalpindi
Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Sutherland ..... Taxila
Dr. and Mrs. Robert F. Tebbe ..... Rawalpindi
Dr. and Mrs. John Vroon ..... Sialkot

On Furlough

*Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Blocksma
739 S. Prospect Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Colvin ... R. D. 1, Sussex, Wis.
Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Christy
Waugh Ave., New Wilmington, Pa.
Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Glassman
782 N. El Molino Ave., Pasadena 6, Calif.
Mr. and Mrs. Irvin G. Lotze
124 W. Commonwealth Ave., Fullerton, Calif.
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Whitfield
1010 W. 1st St., Topeka, Kansas

THE SUDAN

Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Adair ..... Obel, via Malakal
Dr. and Mrs. J. Lowrie Anderson ..... Malakal
#Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Arnold ..Akobo, via Malakal
#Rev. and Mrs. C. Lee Crandall ..Akobo, via Malakal
#Mr. and Mrs. Lambert B. Ekster
Akobo, via Malakal
Dr. and Mrs. Leander Finley ..... Omdurman
Dr. and Mrs. Robert G. Gordon ..Nasir, via Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. Willard M. Galloway ..... El Obeid
#Rev. and Mrs. Harvey T. Hoekstra ..... Gambella
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jordan ..... Ler via Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. S. Robb McLaughlin
Wanglei via Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. Robert H. Meloy ..... Omdurman
Mr. and Mrs. Edward O. Pollock ..... Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. K. E. Rasmussen
Abwong, via Malakal
Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Roode ..... Pibor, via Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. A. Mac Roy
Nasir, Upper Nile Province
Dr. and Mrs. R. F. Shields ..... Khartoum
#Rev. and Mrs. LaVerne Sikkema
Doleib Hill, via Malakal
#Rev. and Mrs. J. Robert Swart ..Pibor, via Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. Harold T. Walker ..... Gedaref
Mr. and Mrs. E. Alan Webb ..... Obel, via Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. Alexander C. Wilson ..... Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Wilson
Doleib Hill, via Malakal

*Associate. #Reformed Church in America.

On Furlough

Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Anderson
235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Dr. and Mrs. W. D. McClure
239 N. Walnut St., Blairsville, Pa.
Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Philips
85 Sherman St., Hartford 5, Conn.
Mr. and Mrs. Milton H. Thompson
55 Elizabeth St., Hartford, Conn.

ETHIOPIA

Dr. and Mrs. John A. Cremer
(Sayo) address: Addis Ababa
Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Haspels
(Ghimeera) address: Addis Ababa
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Russell ..... Addis Ababa
Rev. and Mrs. Murray Russell
(Gorei) address: Addis Ababa

On Furlough

Dr. and Mrs. F. W. den Dulk
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2330 Carroll Park, S., Long Beach, Calif.
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Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper ..... Assiut
Miss Mary P. Craig ..... Cairo
Miss Charlisa M. Crosier ..... Cairo
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Mr. G. Kenneth Gordon ..... Assiut
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Nampa, Idaho — June 9-13, 1954

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BEATITUDES OF THE HOME

Blessed is the home that believeth in Jesus Christ, the Lord, and is humble before God, knowing that "neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth; but God giveth the increase," for theirs is the life of faith.

Blessed is the home that is touched by the sorrows and sufferings of a hungry, suffering world, for theirs is the joy and comfort in providing life out of the resources of God entrusted to them.

Blessed is the home wherein the members discipline themselves to be loving and kind to one another and to all others, for they shall win the love and respect of the peoples of the earth.

Blessed is the home that yearns to live in righteousness, seeking to be an example in the community of the best that life has to offer, for that home shall receive the leading of God's Spirit.

Blessed is the home that finds time to share its rich experiences with others, forsaking not the opportunities of fellowship with others in the presence of God, for theirs shall be an increased life.

Blessed is the home which seeks not the profit of itself at the expense of others, but seeks pleasure in seeing all men receive equal privileges for life; unto such God shall reveal himself.

Blessed is the home that follows the way of peace and goodwill with its neighbors and whose goodwill reaches unto all races of mankind, for this home belongs to the family of God.

Blessed is the home that endures the trials of an evil world which seeks to destroy the sanctity of the home with greed self-gratification, intemperance, lust, and such like. Rejoice and be exceeding glad that you have found the way that leads to life everlasting.

—*Selected*

National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, Incorporated. 11 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois.

Blowing is part of therapy to help Ruthie overcome speech handicap

THE PATHWAY ROYAL

Think you to escape
What mortal man can never be without?
What saint upon the earth has ever lived apart from cross and care?
Why even Jesus Christ our Lord was not, even for one hour,
Free from His passion's pain!
"Christ," says He, "needs must suffer,
Rising from the dead,
And enter thus upon His glory."
And how do you ask for another road
Than this—the Royal Pathway of the Holy Cross?

—Thomas a'Kempis